

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 15

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1892.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. }

Whole No. 223

## Around Town.

That is a grave complication in London. Very serious troubles have been provoked in many countries by smaller causes for hate and blows. It is of little importance whether the Conservatives violated the law in keeping those names upon the list, so long as the Grits charge and honestly believe themselves the victims of an atrocity. It will not constitute a justification of the Tory procedure, even should the Supreme Court declare those names to represent qualified voters, because, had the disputed names been Grit instead of Tory, then Hyman's friends might have appealed to the Court of Appeal, the Supreme Court—yes, the Court of Heaven—but not one such Grit name would have been printed in the list. Suppose by a higher knowledge of law or a greater liberty to consider equities the Supreme Court should decide that all the disputed votes were genuine, I repeat that the iniquity of the thing

representative.

Until the Reform party cultivates a little more self respect and ceases to coax the country to follow it beggar-fashion to Washington, I can wish it no better success than it is receiving in these bye-elections. I begrudge it even the small and disheartened representation it has in Ottawa, for after a terrible crushing it may penitently resume its old and faultless faith. But while I feel pleasure in the success of the Government I want to see it win through the spirited Canadianism of its policy and not through the diabolical aid of a Franchise swindle. In all calmness and honesty these words are written and no tamer ones will suffice. A man need not be a Grit to condemn the Dominion Franchise Act; he need only be an honest man. The duty of uprising against that franchise law should not become the privilege of Reformers alone, but of all citizens, because the rights of all citi-

on the municipalities or upon its own officials the task of collecting and classifying the names of all qualified voters, even though without their cognizance, so that the way will be smoothed for them in discharging the supreme function of freemen. If honest men who are fully occupied with their labor, whether it be in cultivating the soil or pounding the anvil or flourishing the pen, but who in any occupation are true to the country and prompt with their taxes—if these men are deprived of their votes either by deliberate fraud or by the technicality of a vicious law, then some penalty should rest upon those who commit the fraud or upon the Government that passes the vicious law. Any law is vicious and subversive of those good principles whereby we feign to rule ourselves, that conspires to throw upon the individual the responsibility of guarding his own voting privilege from year to year. While property qualification continues it must remain a practice for those whose eligibility is doubtful to

do with the details of government. As an independent, who knows that there are hundreds of the same sort in every riding, I want to know why our unorganized numbers should be disfranchised because the heeled of both parties are afraid to enroll our names? As for me, I am very thankful to a party canvasser who, overtaking me in suggestive company, secured my name and undertook to have it enrolled. I hope he succeeded, for on that nameless youth my right to vote depends. Why should it be so? If he had not blundered upon me while searching for another man whose liver he was familiar with, I certainly would have had no vote, and if he did not like the way I combed my hair he may have disfranchised me with a stroke of his lead pencil when he turned the corner. I have a right to vote, let me comb my hair any way I darn please, and should not be required to consult the whim of any fastidious school-boy. There were undoubtedly countless thousands in To-

millions of public money which have been misused in its maintenance are so many sums wrongfully appropriated to party ends; and of all the sums expended by the Tory party in its own behalf, no other was invested with so little profit to itself. The scheme was conceived, was hewn and fashioned for partizan advantage, but there is such a spendthrift outlay for such little gain that the Devil, its father, should blush at its clumsiness and make away with it. A Tory who regards politics as a sort of war in which a flag of truce grants no protection to the bearer, might chuckle with delight at the injustice to opponents embodied in the Federal management of the franchise, but he cannot afford to chuckle when he sees one hundred dollars laid out with no advantage to the country and with only one dollar's worth of advantage to the party. Even as a partizan, the waste of the thing should appal him. If such a man will not take high ground let him take low ground. If he has no



THE ARCHER.

is not diminished nor extenuated a particle, for the reason that the Tories polled those votes, whereas, had they been Grit, not one of them would have been permitted to reach the poll. And the name of justice and the majesty of law that is now invoked to justify the successful artifice of the Tory party, would under those other circumstances have been similarly invoked with perfect success to justify the withholding from the Grits what is now awarded to Tories. The gravity of the case lies in this, that the constitutional machinery of the country has been tapped for horse power to run the party engine. There is a peril, more serious than the overthrow of a party, invited by this bold practice.

During these bye elections circulars have been sent from Ottawa into many of the ridings, saying that every name on the list represents a vote and that any man who finds his name there can vote with a clear conscience and a cheerful oath, for his right to vote is beyond question. Taking this as a true interpretation of the law, that the presence of a name upon the list, no matter by what means it is first placed there nor by what means defended and retained, is conclusive establishment of the right to vote, it will be easily seen that if the Government starts manipulating things as it did in London it can grow fat and defiant of the great bulk of the people. If the ruling party will seize without compunction the many discreditable opportunities of defending improper Tory names and knifing proper Grit names, then government will no longer be truly repre-

zens are infringed—those rights are seized upon by the Government, and doled out to the people or withheld at pleasure. A great principle is made abortive, for instead of the Government being purely representative of the people, by means of a tinkered voters' list the people are to a great extent made representative of the Government of the day. This is a crime against us, the people, and I trust there is a limit to our patient endurance. The Government has a moral and a legal right to stipulate the property or other qualification of voters, but it has no moral or legal right to make invidious distinctions against any individual or group of individuals because he or they may be repulsive to the Government. It has a constitutional right to define the qualifications of a voter; then its moral rights permit it to do nothing but stand aside and allow the voters to express the will of the country. But we have been smuggled so far from safe ground that the Empire the other day rebuked the grumbling Grits of Elgin, saying that if they did not receive proper representation on the rolls it was because they did not display proper vigilance during the preparation of the lists. It was the Grits' own fault, you see.

Now I am not arguing from the Opposition standpoint, but from the standpoint of a citizen. Why should a properly qualified citizen of the country be required to display "vigilance" or find himself disfranchised? All talk about making voting compulsory is absurd while a man who wants to vote is forced to be mighty vigilant or be robbed of his privilege. It is the duty of the Government to impose up-

assume the burden of proof ere receiving a ballot for the first time, but this is the first and last duty of the kind the state has any moral right to impose upon the individual. If three hundred dollars' worth of property or the same amount of income is fixed as the qualification of a voter, then, so soon as a man secures a place on the roll his franchise should never be imperilled except by bankruptcy, lunacy or outlawry. When the state suspects a man has lost his property or his income or his mind or has made his bodily freedom forfeit to the law, he should be served with a notice that his right to vote requires defence at a certain time and place. Of course when manhood suffrage has ceased coquetting with us as it has been doing for years, and comes into force, then nothing should disfranchise a voter once registered except lunacy or outlawry. If manhood suffrage were given us along with the present method of preparing the Dominion lists, it could only be a mere mockery of its name. The change would simply give political fakirs a more venal class to drill and plunder, with an increased number of decent people to treat with injustice. The man who is ready to sell his vote is generally alert to see that it is not taken from him, because in losing it he loses a merchantable commodity often worth as much as a cow, yet requiring neither food nor shelter. To the average man it has no cash value and therefore he does not neglect his work to stand guard over his right to vote. Never mind, it is the party's business to look after that!

It is not apparent to me what the rival parties, as organisations of men, have rightly

toronto when the lists were recently revised, who, like me, had not the least idea where to go nor what to do in order to get a vote that should have been theirs and mine without an effort. Unless they called party heeled into requisition it is safe to say that nearly all of them are voteless. But the rival parties looked after the list pretty closely, you say, and most people are partizan. It does not matter. The citizen should not be forced to put himself under obligation to either one of the parties or be a dumb thing on election day. He should get his franchise from the state so that with a free mind he could use it against an unworthy party without being reproached for ingratitude and without fear of reprisal. He should be taught to look to Mother State and not to Mother Party for his undoubted, every-day rights as a man and a citizen. The system now in vogue breeds partizans instead of patriots. There is careful malice in the way we are hedged about with necessities for becoming partizan whether or no. The result is seen in the evil fidelity with which people stick to a party through all manner of scandals and come to think there is a virtue in abetting and furthering dirty schemes. It is "the party" at all hazards and "the country" when convenient.

That franchise law has cost the country millions of dollars since it came into force, and I fail to see that it has served any purpose except to give dishonest strength to the ruling party. It came unsought, for the people did not ask or expect it; since coming it has in no particular justified its existence. The

better message, no more virtuous counsel for his leaders, let him advise them thus: "Stay in power by fair means or foul. Manipulate the public funds with this laudable and patriotic object; build railways and postoffices where they will do the most good, but for goodness sake make every dollar tell. Don't waste one hundred dollars in cartage on one dollar of purchase money. Don't let it cost a dollar to convey a cent to the Grit heathen whom you seek to convert or to buy over to the true faith. Don't waste millions for the party on voters' lists that only do the party thousands of dollars' worth of good. Bribe, defraud, cheat, but do it up slick and economically."

Even such advice as that would possess merit and we could be thankful if it were given and accepted. The waste of money should arouse some of us to action; the injustices involved in the system should arouse others. I was twenty-four years of age before receiving a place on the roll and had an election come during the three preceding years, would have been a qualified adult deprived of his vote. Thousands were voteless in the last election either because they got no opportunity to register or were unfamiliar with the intricate routine prescribed. Oh, it is a great humbug. The worst of it is that a practice is established that successive governments may enlarge upon, until soon victories may be won, not by framing policies that suit the desires of the people, but by legislating ballots out of the hands of those who would use them against the ruling party. Should the Grits achieve power they may carry the law further, appoint



All things are the same, familiar in experience, ephemeral in time, and worthless in utter. Everything now is just as it was in the time of those whom we have buried.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

There are people who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.—*De Donald.*

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

### Social and Personal.

The invitee guests, most of whom were present, were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Miss Arthurs, Miss Elma Arthurs, Miss Maggie Arthurs, Mr. J. A. Asch, Mr. W. E. Asch, Mr. C. Baines, Mr. Arthur Boulton, and Mrs. C. Boulton, the Misses Beardmore, Dr. Frank Beemer of Hamilton, Mr. A. W. Boddy, Mr. S. Y. Baldwin, Miss L. Burton, Mr. P. W. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. George Bruchall, Col. R. N. Boddie, Mr. H. Bright, Mr. G. Brown, Harry Baines, Mr. A. B. Bedford-Jones, Miss In Brodie, Mr. W. E. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Black, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mr. Edward Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Baldwin, Mr. R. A. Brook, Mr. Fred Beardmore, Miss Alice Bethune, Miss Bickford, Mr. E. H. Bickford, Miss Bethune, Miss Marian Bethune, Miss Beggs, Mr. George W. Blaikie, Mr. D. W. Baxter, Mr. Algeron Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. John Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mr. H. Rudyerd Boulton, Miss E. Rudyerd Boulton, Miss M. Rudyerd Boulton, Mr. Gerald D. Boulton, Miss Adelaide Boulton, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Laura Boulton, Mr. M. S. Bozett, Miss Bogert, Capt. Gilbert Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Boyle, Miss Clancey, Miss Emily E. Bethune, Mr. T. R. Billett, Mr. Danham Burns of Hamilton, Miss Bunting, Miss Blight, Mr. I. G. Burnham, Mr. A. B. T. Burton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Miss Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Fred J. Campbell, Miss R. Campbell, Mr. Frank Coulson, Sir Alexander Campbell, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. D. I. Cassels, the Misses E. and H. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. A. M. Clarkson, Mr. R. R. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Chalmers, Mr. H. T. Cherry, Mr. V. H. Crowley of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. Theodore Coleman, Miss Ollie Clover, Miss Amy Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Miss Chisholm, Mr. J. T. Craig, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Miss Rossie Campbell, Mr. A. C. Castle, Mr. W. Crooks, the Misses Gayley, Miss Caldwell, Miss Christie, Miss Edith Clarke, Mr. H. H. Champ of Hamilton, Mr. Edward Cronyn, Mr. V. F. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Miss Drynan, Miss Grace Drynan, Miss Louise Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, Miss Dunlop, Miss Helen Deane, Mr. Homer Dixon, Miss Homer Dixon, Miss Adelaide Dewar of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mr. B. L. Dwar, Mr. E. D. Dudgeon, Dr. R. Max Denniston of Peterboro, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. C. B. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. Frank Darby, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. K. Kelly Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. J. F. Edgar, Miss Edgar, Capt. Ellis, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Miss Ferguson, Miss M. Ferguson, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. Walter Ferrie of Hamilton, Miss T. Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. John French, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of St. Thomas, Mr. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mr. Frank M. Gray, Mr. Sidney Greene, Mr. E. Griet, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. J. Gravett, Miss Gooderham, Miss L. Gooderham, Miss Josie Gooderham, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Mr. C. Goldingham, Mr. Hal Gates of Hamilton, Capt. J. H. Forsyth, Grant, Mr. H. F. Gauld, Miss L. Galt, Mr. H. F. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gillespie, Miss Nellie Grand, Miss Amy Gimson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Gibson, Mr. R. A. Grant, Miss Ella Gimson, Mr. and

Mr. R. K. B. Henderson, Miss Hodgins, Mr. J. P.  
Henderson, Mrs. E. Hamilton, Mrs. H. Har-  
rison, Mr. & Mrs. S. Bruce Heath, Miss Howland,  
Mr. Stewart Houston, Miss Hogz, Miss Hen-  
rie of Hamilton, Miss Lillian Howland, Mr. G.  
W. Howland, Miss Hoskins, Mr. S. A. Heward,  
Mr. A. Hoskins, Mr. George Hart, Mr. and  
Mrs. R. M. and the Misses Hall of Montreal,  
Mr. H. H. Heald, Mr. Wm. H. Heald, Mr. and  
A. B. Harrison, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. Joseph  
Hughes, Mr. B. B. Hughes, ar, Miss Tena  
Hughes, Miss A. C. Hughes, Miss May Hughes,  
Mr. Frank Howland, Mr. A. McLean Howard,  
Mr. Miss Hannaford, Mr. W. B. Hope, Mr. O.  
Hoskins, Mr. H. H. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh  
Harshorn, Mr. Scott Howard, Mr. Gordon  
Howard, Mr. H. V. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs.  
William Ince, jr., Miss Ince, Miss Mabel Ince,  
Miss Daisy Ince, Mr. James Ince, Miss Re-  
and, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. James, Miss  
James, Mrs. La. L. Dr. and Mrs. Oden  
Oden, Mr. Gordon John, Mr. and Mrs. Geo.  
Jones, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K.  
Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Kingsmill, the Misses  
Kingsmill, Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, Mr. George  
Kilpin, Mr. Herbert Ketchum, Mr. Kortright  
of Barrie, Miss Lowrey of New York, Miss  
Lester, Mr. E. F. Labatt, Mr. H. Laurie, Mr. J.  
Keith Low, Mr. T. D. Law, Mrs. Miss  
Livingston, Mr. R. H. Labatt of Hamilton,  
Miss Lowe, Commander and Mrs. Law, Miss  
Mabel Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss  
Lindsay of Detroit, Miss G. Lewis, Dr. and  
Mrs. J. E. Little, Mrs. Bridge of Hamilton, Miss  
Mel Livingston, Mrs. Capt. J. E. Little,  
Mrs. Charles Macdonnell, Capt. Macdon-  
nell, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan  
of Hamilton, Mr. C. S. McInnes, Miss Maud  
McLean, Mr. George Macrae, Mrs. Ma Queen,  
Mr. Frank Maclean, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr.  
W. W. MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. J. MacKay,  
McCulloch, Mrs. McKinnon of Montreal, Mr.  
D. L. McCarthy, Mr. D. H. McDougall, Miss  
MacCallum, Mr. T. M. McDonald, Mr. Leighton  
of Barrie, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mr. J. W. Mc-  
Callum, Mr. and Mrs. McKicking, Miss McCarthy,  
Mr. George Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry  
Herbert Mowat, Mr. F. A. Matheson, Mr. H.  
Joss, Mr. R. W. P. Mathews, Mr. Darcy  
Martin, Miss E. Marling, Mr. F. H. Menzies,  
Mr. Moreton of Hamilton, Miss May Mills of  
Hamilton, Miss G. Morphy, Miss Moran, Miss  
Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. W. and  
Miss Middleton, Mrs. Eliza Montgomery, Mrs.  
Jessie Montgomery, Mr. Chas. E. Maddison.

The French Club had a pleasant evening as the guests of Miss Aikins of 29 Wellesley street last Saturday. They will be received this evening by Mr. Bourlier of 102 Wellesley street, who may be called, without invidious comparisons, the most popular gentleman owl of the club.

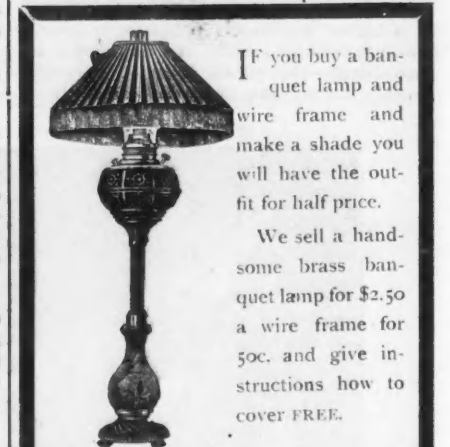
The assembly given by the Grenadiers on Monday last was in every way a delightful party. The rooms at Webb's were scarcely quite spacious enough for the large number of dancers, but every one was determined to do full justice to the last dance of the pre-Lenten season. The music was extremely good and the rose-colored shades over the electric lights were most becoming to the faces of the "ladies fair and soldiers brave," though rather hard on the gowns. A blue and a cream and a Nile green exchanged tints and a delicate pink and a salmon were reduced to murky yellow. It is a question whether the added tinge of beauty to the already beautiful faces is enough atonement for the beclouded glories of the toilettes. Perhaps nobody but an observant society editor, on the lookout for pretty new gowns or admired old ones, would have been so bothered by the red lights. The ladies looked bright and happy, and the whole dance went with a *verve* and animation that one does not often see at the tail of the season. Among the pretty dresses noticed: Mrs. Cameron, Nile green; Miss Irving, black silk and net, pink roses; Miss Irving, pale blue; Miss Lundy of Peterboro', pale green; Miss Bunting, white chiffon; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, white silk, embroidered chiffon; Miss Walker of Orillia, white silk; Miss Edna Lee, white silk, silver gauze; Miss Mabel Lee, silver silk, pink gauze; Miss Josie Gooderham, Nile green, pink *crepe*; Mrs. Ross Robertson, cream brocade and feathers; Miss Stranahan, black lace; Miss Walker, blue, blue.

A very elaborate and *recherche* daffodil tea was given on Monday last by Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, at her pretty residence on Madison avenue. About two hundred ladies were invited, but the numerous other teas and the wretched weather reduced the guests to about half that number. The refreshment table was particularly novel and beautiful in decoration and was planned by the artistic fancy of the fair hostess. The *motif* was of course daffodil yellow; velvet and lace, smilax and daffodils with ferns and calla lilies being the means to a very charming effect. Wax lights in handsome silver candelabra, wreathed in smilax, and softly shaded fairy lights gave a subdued mellow radiance to the pleasant rooms. The harpers discoursed sweet music in the corridor. Mrs. Aylesworth was assisted, as hostess by Mrs. Bristol, who looked charming in a calling costume of golden brown and cream, and by Miss Madeline Falconbridge, who wore a pretty mauve cashmere frock, and Miss Torrance in pink. Mrs. Aylesworth's gown of ruby and shell pink silk was most becoming. Among the throng of fashionable women I noticed Mrs. Featherstone Osler, Mrs. T. Moss, Mrs. W. Mulock, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Edward Brown, Mrs. Grant Francis, Miss Francis, Mrs. Herbert Green, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Maule, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto



## Pantechnetheca

## CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New  
York  
UNSURPASSED FOR  
**Safety, Civility and Comfort**  
**W. A. GEDDES, AGENT**  
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

## HOUSEKEEPERS

**TRY**  
**Housekeeper's Brilliantine**  
**THE ONLY**  
**FURNITURE POLISH**  
That will give a brilliant and lasting polish to Furniture  
Piano, &c., without labor.  
**Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents**

CAN BE HAD AT  
M. ARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

**230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter**

# WINTER

TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY  
TRANS-ATLANTIC

**TRANS-ATLANTIC**  
**RATES REDUCED**  
**HARLOW CUMBERLAND, Gen'l Steamship and**

**QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY**

**BERMUDA**  
Sixty hours from New York, **THURSDAYS**  
**BARBADOS**  
Trinidad and West Indies, **SATURDAYS**  
ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent.**

to attain the  
It must be cut  
and at the side  
back a full 6 in.  
and two or three  
length of the  
they are cut  
they are to  
with a lace fl  
for very dress  
lace ruffles or  
skirt-edge ha  
is trimmed w  
ruffles, with  
For use with  
changeable si  
of the same c  
inconspicuous

A note of fashions for sportswear on almost all backgrounds of color or vines; all-lace are considered. A note of color is needed. The favorite is in plain red, but green, when unveiled with lace pattern, or see the more consp

For a useful  
lies between  
with a "tailor  
the *fourreau* s  
lined with silk  
finished near t  
giving the effe  
the design is v  
est of jackets  
double-breaste  
jaunty blouse  
waistcoat bas  
wrap is desira  
shape can be n

In street cost  
*ne plus ultra*  
that which is o  
some materials  
manship. A "  
its silk linings  
with it, and the  
inside, so there  
in the assertion  
turn a simple w  
order to have a

Already dain  
are being prepa  
sian blouse are t  
which often riv  
becomingness a  
intended especi  
round waist is p  
for the quaint d  
Chambery or zep  
and out of butto  
hem on the skirt  
holes at the upp  
front, giving the

Ribbons continue in the toilet, and being devised for present is the W ball, reception, indeed, any dist considered complete, ribbon from two usually, in a two on the back, just from this hang le quite to the edge robes have bows of a Watteau pla of the dresses pre placed at the bac cases, reaching t pretty trimming woollens, is ruffles ribbon, either gat

tund in the *pique*  
staked, corded st  
like English cr  
fabrics thin as cre  
cord, are also ste  
fancy for the cor  
some of the new c  
are ribbed heavil  
as thick as  
starch. The ord  
instances, in othe  
cords comes in t  
clear blue and wh  
white, gray and v  
in woolen, light  
age green, and h  
the preference. I  
table or short mo  
inning dresses, a  
are in light eveni  
These, of course,  
thin silks for sum  
more expensive  
mophyr fabrics. T  
ating stripes, rib  
know knot patter  
pluses and vines,  
blue, brown, pink  
dresses for young  
black grounds wit  
tear. Pretty E  
wear are being ma  
net, jetted net, o  
atin or surlah. Co  
used for such d  
heavily dotted with

WE HAVE IN STOCK  
THE CELEBRATED

# EAGLE (English) COOKING RANGE

THIS RANGE HAS TAKEN  
28 First Prize Medals, 10 Gold Medals, 18 Silver Medals and a Special  
Prize of 25 Guineas

From the Ladies' Committee Smoke Abatement Exhibition, London, 1881 1882,  
Call and inspect or write for particulars.

# RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED  
Cor. King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

GOOD FORM SERIES

1. CARDS.—"The most useful and sensible little volume on card etiquette that has as yet made its appearance."—*Woman's Cycle*.
2. DINNERS.—Ceremonious and Unceremonious, with the Modern Methods of Serving

3. **MANNERS, GOOD AND BAD.**—This little book contains a wealth of useful hints as to what people ought to avoid in social life. Full of suggestive information for even the best bred people.

4. **LETTER WRITING, ITS ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE.**—By the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton. A complete and thorough treatise upon the subject by an entirely competent authority.

Each 1 vol., 16mo, cloth, with neat stamping in gold. Price, each 75 cents.

**JAMES BAIN & SON, SOCIETY STATIONERS, TORONTO**



## Spring Fashions.



HE silk petticoat has almost entirely superseded what has heretofore been known as the "foundation" skirt, and with it the time-honored white cambric skirt is considered superfluous if one desires to attain the perfection of the *fourreau* style. It must be cut and fitted as carefully in front and at the sides as the dress skirt, but for the back a full breadth is inserted, cut half length, and two or three breadths (according to the length of the skirt) gathered to it. Sometimes they are cut exactly like the skirts with which they are to be worn. Pinked ruffles covered with a lace flounce are used on those intended for very dressy wear, and several overlapping lace ruffles on the inside; but for service the skirt-edge has a narrow binding of velvet and is trimmed with any number of gathered, bias ruffles, with a wide bias ruffle on the inside. For use with different dresses they are made of changeable silk; but for street wear they are of the same color as the dress, or black, and are inconspicuous when the dress-skirt is raised.

A note of black runs through many of the fashions for spring. Black garnitures are used on almost all colors. In silks, black forms a background for brilliant or delicate blossoms or vines; all-black dresses trimmed with jet are considered very stylish, and when a touch of color is necessary for becomingness, the vest is the favorite point for introducing it. Vests in plain red, blue, yellow or the favorite sage-green, when used in all-black dresses, are either veiled with lace having a more or less decided pattern, or seeded with finely cut jet beads or the more conspicuous *clous*, or nail-heads.

For a useful costume for spring the choice lies between black or dark blue serge, made with a "tailor" basque and "bell" skirt (as all the *fourreau* shapes are popularly designated) lined with silesia or silk, walking length, and finished near the foot with rows of stitching, giving the effect of a deep hem. Sometimes the design is varied by substituting the narrowest of jackets with tight-fitting back and loose double-breasted front, under which is worn a jaunty blouse of bright-colored material; or a waistcoat basque is chosen. When an extra wrap is desirable or necessary, one in circle shape can be added and is easily removed.

In street costumes, simple "effects" are the *ne plus ultra* of style; but the simplicity is that which is only achieved by the use of handsome materials, and perfection in fit and workmanship. A "simple" serge dress must have its silk linings and a silk petticoat to wear with it, and the latter its pinked ruffles on the inside, so there is much truth as well as humor in the assertion that "it is only necessary to turn a simple woolen gown wrong side out in order to have a very pretty silk one."

Already dainty gowns of washable fabrics are being prepared. Modifications of the Russian blouse are favored for these pretty dresses, which often rival more pretentious gowns in becomingness and artistic effects. For others, intended especially for young ladies, a full round waist is preferred. A very pretty finish for the quaint dimity gowns and those of fine Chambery or zephyr, is inch-wide ribbon run in and out of button-holes worked just above the hem on the skirt, and through smaller button-holes at the upper part of the waist, back and front, giving the effect of a round yoke.

Ribbons continue to hold an important place in the toilet, and new methods are constantly being devised for their use. The *fureur* at present is the Watteau bow, without which no ball, reception, dinner, or visiting dress—or, indeed, any distinctively house gown—is considered complete. It is made of satin or velvet ribbon from two to four inches in width, tied, usually, in a two-looped bow, which is placed on the back, just between the shoulders, and from this hang long, fluttering ends, reaching quite to the edge of the skirt. Dressy *neglige* robes have bows of this style placed at the top of a Watteau plait, or at the neck; and some of the dresses prepared for summer have them placed at the back of the belt, the ends, in all cases, reaching to the edge of the skirt. A pretty trimming for silks and light-weight woolsens, is ruffles of gros-grain, satin, or velvet ribbon, either gathered or box plaited.

For early spring wear the novelties will be found in the *plisse* fabrics of thin wool, finely tucked, corded stuffs, and fine wools crinkled like English crepe. *Crepons* and corduroy fabrics thin as crepon, and ribbon-like Bedford cord, are also still seen, and so far has the fancy for the corded fabrics gone that even some of the new cotton goods, called corduroys, are ribbed heavily like Bedford cords. They are as thick as pique and wholly without starch. The cord is rounded high in some instances, in others it is flattened. This new goods comes in two colors in alternating cords of clear blue and white, ecru and brown, rose and white, gray and white, and black and white. In wools, light taupe, beige, gray-blue, sage green, and heliotrope shades will have the preference. In silk goods, the new changeable or shot moire has the preference for evening dresses, and some of the most effective are in light evening colors striped with black. These, of course, are for evening wear only. Thin silks for summer wear are not very much more expensive than the fine ginghams or zephyr fabrics. They are patterned in undulating stripes, ribbon figures, the ubiquitous bow-knot pattern, and all sorts of flower clusters and vines. White silks with dots of blue, brown, pink or rose-color make pretty dresses for young girls and children, and the black grounds with pink figures are especially liked. Pretty black dresses for midsummer wear are being made up now of *point d'esprit* net, jetted net, or black *chiffon*, over black satin or tulle. Colored silks or satins are also used for such dresses. Black grenadines thickly dotted with jet will be fashionable, and for light mourning there are grenadines with

crepe stripes. Velvet, moire, or brocaded satin is often used in combination with wool goods, six or seven yards of which, in double width, is quite sufficient to make a costume with bell skirt and short basque. LA MODE.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BRIT.—Please wait until your writing matures. It has many good points but is unformed. A few years will give it character and finish.

JANE EYRE.—Your good wishes and nice letter are before me. Thanks very much for them both. For your delineation please read answer to a Patient Walter with the hard points smoothed down, and send further amiability and sympathy. You take a sweeter taste from life, though not a spicier one than she does.

SPANISH.—Your kind appreciation pleased Lady Gay very much. She asks me to give you her kindest regards, and hopes you will some time write to her alone. Your writing shows gentleness, hope, love of society, kindness, desire for approbation. You are sometimes a little careless in small matters, but you are a disinterested, bright and a very likeable little body.

BECKY SHARPE.—Writer is idealistic and very honest and plain in her methods. She is determined, energetic, a little temperamental, and her judgment is not infallible. She is more pessimistic than optimistic, impatient, and while she is apt to feel strongly on some matters, she could not defend her opinions against a shrewd antagonist. Generosity and confidence are shown.

A CANADIAN ABROAD.—Honor, uprightness and amiable ability are shown. You are rather idealistic and fond of dreams, but have a sturdy independence and rather a happy disposition. Your fort is hopeful and continued, and your heart open and generous. It is refreshing to know that you are loyal in the midst of such temptation to secede. Thanks for your hearty words; I quite appreciate your goodness.

AL.—The fact that your writing varies won't trouble me. It only shows sympathetic unity, and facility, you are hopeful, but not witty, and you can make yourself happy without too much dependence on the society of others. Your words are discreet and your energy good, though sometimes you waste effort, you have a healthy desire to rise and are not easily discouraged, would probably fall on your feet.

LYNN NAL.—1. If you cannot remember any further than the first publication of SATURDAY NIGHT, I don't think you are old enough to have your writing delineated. Do you know how long since the first number appeared? 2. I don't think I would write and invite any young man to come to my church meetings unless I was asked to do so, as secretary. There would certainly be no harm in doing so, but the action might be misinterpreted.

LAURA DRAN.—Carelessness and want of method are shown, not one single I is dotted in a note of fifteen lines. Make smaller commas and save some ink for dots, my dear! I think your writing is rather unformed, but shows good judgment and even temper, deliberate and unobtrusive opinions, reliability and truth. It is marred by lack of discipline and artistic finish for though you are a quiet and earnest person your ideas are sadly in need of sorting and sifting some of them being decidedly sinister brained.

NELLIE.—You are faithful and poetical, clever and fond of fun, adaptable and amiable, but a little impatient, fond of good things, not over generous to others, but not too indulgent to yourself, of good perseverance and rather impulsive, and a little self-willed, thoroughness and artistic finish, but original and more apt to depend than is right or healthy. It is lovely to be misad. I am afraid it may have been the former cause which banished me to the rear, but I am to the fore again, having grown stronger since you wrote.

CANADIAN DAISY.—I have never heard that San Francisco was unhealthy; parts of it are very dirty. Some other locality would certainly be better for an invalid. Thanks for your kind words and good wishes. I am very sorry your letter was not answered sooner. You are very direct, not very decisive, careful in method, have some humor, and though not buoyant are very even-tempered, a keen perception and good self-respect are shown. You are a little tenacious of your rights, and practical and sensible in your ways. Gentleness and refinement are shown.

ROMEO.—1. This column is not devoted to fortune telling. I could not at all foretell whether you will marry the girl you wish, or how long you will wait. 2. The Palmist, David King of Israel. 3. Your writing shows love of company for your friends and unselfishness, you are a good man, hopeful, impulsive, self-willed, hasty and not always just in judgment, very persistent, have some imagination, lack care and system. You have a strong enough character and individuality to make it worth while developing. How do you spell Saturday?

A PATIENT WALTER.—Your writing shows a decided one for a number one, and some self-esteem, which does not appear in sufficient clearness to mar a very attractive character: you are sensitive, delicate, behind, a little haughty, your judgment, discreet in speech, nervous in temperament, quick in perception. The characteristics shown are those of a clever observant woman, self-reliant and capable but not blessed with those graceful weaknesses which make women most womanly, you are rather unsympathetic, and in matters of affection would demand very great consideration; truth, honor and care are shown.

HAROLD LEE.—1. I wish, when you find it necessary to write, to be sure you use kind words and kind words. Your first letter was dated November 18; your last, February 11. They are both before me. Your writing shows some imaginative power, tenacity, rather a generous but not very original mind. Your methods are sometimes careless, but generally you are conscientious and anxious to do right. I think you can be trusted to finish your work, and energy, if not very great, last out well. Good self-esteem and a tendency to see good in friends, and good only are perceptible. You could accommodate yourself to circumstances and be content with moderate blessing.

VERA.—1. Grimsby Park is very popular. Long Branch and Lorne, Park are nearer, and you have constant boat and train service, but these places are yet in rather an unimproved condition. 2. Any waist or no waist is more healthful than a corset. The muscles which are weakened by dependence on the corset's support, develop and grow stronger when it is removed, and the woman is stronger in body, more graceful in carriage and movement and though probably two or three inches larger round, her muscles are free and comfortable and she does not regret a waisted waist. The Jennings-Miller Equipoise and common-sense waists are all good makes, but the newly emancipated should be measured and should not be surprised if after a little she needs to have her bodice enlarged. Your other question is *passer*. 3. Your writing shows want of self-reliance, and determination, love of social intercourse, pretty good perseverance, and while doubtless a worthy and respected person in your own narrow circle will never strike fire from the flint on the world's highway. Get out of your rut, don't be a clam, laugh, sing and be merry. Life will look better to you!

## The Pacific Coast.

One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time they are running specially attractive trips to all points on the Pacific coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R. knowing well the tedium of long distance railway traveling, have sought to their utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. office, 118 King Street West, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

WE'VE not seen the robin yet, but an active demand for muslins seems to tell that shoppers are thinking of spring. The store always did lead the muslin and embroidery trade.

Victoria Lawn, 42 in., 12½.  
Victoria Lawn, 40 in., 10½.  
Swiss Mullins, Stripes and Checks, 10½, 12½.

All through the assortment of cretonnes is sure to please. We might mention a new opening of plush cretonnes at 17½c., 20c., 25c. Rather taking for little money.

Cretonnes, 8½, 10c.  
Cretonnes, New Pattern Stripes, 15c.  
Cretonnes, Satin, 25c.  
Cretonnes, Crepe, 27½c.  
Art Mullins, 12½, 15c.  
Felts, 2 yards wide, 75c.

They're English goods from the best print manufacturers the world knows. Everything wide-width and washable. The patterns are pretty, polka dots, stripes and checks, gold stripes, gold and white dots and stripes. There's a good deal of charm in handling bright, new goods.

Prints, Indigo Blue 12½c.  
Prints, Cadet Blue, 12½c.  
Prints, Pretty Pink, 12½c.  
Prints, Attractive Buff, 12½c.  
Ashton's English Prints, 6½c.  
Cambrics, Newest Patterns, 12½c.

## R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.  
Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street.  
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.



The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine healthy plants from \$1.00 up. Palms two feet high for \$2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also  
Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street  
Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

## N. German Lloyd Co.

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON AND CONTINENT  
Fast express steamers bi-weekly.  
MEDITERRANEAN LINE  
Fast express steamers bi-monthly.  
Clyde built ships with latest equipment.  
WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE.  
BARLOW CURRIE & LANGE, Agents  
72 Yonge St., Toronto

MADAME VERMILYEA'S  
ARTISTIC HEALTH CORSETS

THE ROYAL DRESS REFORM  
Empress Princess  
Duchess Superb  
Abdominal and other Corsets and  
Waists in Great Variety

These corsets are widely known and celebrated for elegance, elasticity and durability. Ladies should see the new R. yal Corsets and order at the factory,  
338 Spadina Avenue, Toronto  
Hamilton Agent—Mrs. Himman, No. 8  
James Street North

## Armson &amp; Stone.

CHOICE EMBROIDERED  
SPRING DRESS PATTERNS  
NOW DELIVERED

We have made extensive outlays in every kind of novelty this season. Our showrooms are three times the size since the now completed enlargement, and in every way we can please early buyers with a choice variety in the Dress and Mantle departments.

212 YONGE STREET

Bingham  
Prints  
Invitations  
Good

For Weddings, Parties, Etc.  
38 Adelaide St. West  
Toronto

## R. SCORE &amp; SON

## LADIES' TAILORS

GOWNS  
JACKETS  
ULSTERS  
RIDING HABITS  
ETC., ETC.

Will open their salon, at 77 King Street West,  
on the 15th March.

## Noted Beauties of San Francisco

WITH  
Glorious Fair  
Peachy Complexions  
AND  
Superb Figures  
Have gratefully thanked  
Mrs. Gervaise Graham

Her Various Aids and Preparations  
By using Shampoo Powder Dandruff Cure and Hair Vigor. Woman's Crowning Glory has indeed become a "glory" to them. Face Bleach and Jamine Kosmo have given them a skin of satin-like texture, while the STOUT have become graceful and the THIN have assumed rounded, plump, symmetrical outlines by taking Mrs. Graham's sensible, scientific methods of physical culture, including Delmarc system with pocket gymnasium.  
Ladies are invited to call at Mrs. Graham's New Branch Establishment, 3 King Street East, Toronto, or to send stamp for book, "How to be Beautiful."

## DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and  
Riding Habits  
Dresses Cut and Fitted  
CORSETS TO ORDER  
ANY STYLE.  
E. J. CHUBB, 256½ Yonge Street, south of  
Trinity Square.

MISS PATON has a beautiful assortment of the latest Paris styles for early spring wear, and is receiving some elegant models for street costumes. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.  
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons,  
35 King Street East

MADAME IRELAND'S  
Herbal Toilet Soap

The Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade."

## Kumiss Face Cream

FOR THE  
COMPLEXION  
SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE  
1408 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Miraculous Water

FOR  
THE COMPLEXION  
Removing Pimples, Blisters, &c., and for beautifying  
Ask your druggist for it, or send to  
P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

## JUST FROM NEW YORK

PROF. LIVINGSTONE'S  
FRENCH TAILOR SYSTEM  
Combination of squares for ladies' dress cutting taught from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. Stills out and heated. Ladies' suits made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed. Cutting school.  
E. GILPIN, 141 I-2 Yonge Street

## DIED HARD

Was the ending of  
OUR GREAT ALTERATION SHOE SALE

On Monday, February 29, we inaugurated a  
SWEEPING CUT-PRICE SALE

To clear out every vestage of the KENNEDY & FORTIER stock  
THE KEEN ONES ARE GORGING THEMSELVES

GEORGE McPHERSON 186 YONGE ST.  
3 Doors North of Queen

## LADIES DON'T WEAR CORSETS BUT FOR

COMFORT, BEAUTY AND HYGIENE



MADE ONLY BY  
The American Corset & Dress Reform Co.  
316 Yonge St., 3 doors below Edward St., Toronto

## Standard Dress Bones

"UNEQUALLED"  
IS THE VERDICT  
OF  
All Those Who Have Used the  
STANDARD  
DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY  
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants  
Throughout the Dominion

## DANCING

Prof. Davis  
Author, Composer  
Publisher and Teacher  
Academy, 102 Wilton Ave.  
TORONTO.  
Author of "The Modern Dance Tutor" and the following Society dances: "Jersey," "Ripple," "Bronco," "Waltz-Musket," "Polka-Polonoise," "Bon-Ton" (2nd part), &c.  
Composer and Publisher of other standard dances. Music on sale at music stores and at the Academy. Prof. Davis teaches the Delmarc system of Athletic Gymnastics, Harmonic Poise of Bearing, Grace of Motion, etc., producing artistic dancing. Class or private instruction. See circular or call for terms.

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT  
H. & W. WATSON'S  
11 Adelaide Street West

## Toronto

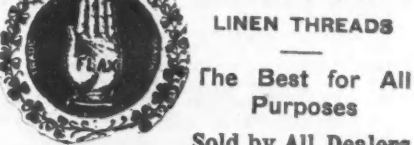
Business  
College

Deserves the patronage of every young Lady and Gentleman. It has placed thousands in lucrative positions.  
Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Etc., Etc.  
Enter now. Write for catalogue to—  
J. M. CROWLEY, Principal  
3 Shuter St., cor. Yonge, Toronto.

## LADIES

ASK FOR  
BARBOUR'S  
LINEN THREADS

The Best for All  
Purposes  
Sold by All Dealers



Why Go Bald  
When you can procure such pretty  
Wigs, Bangs, Water  
Curled and Wavy  
Fronts  
or other suitable coverings.  
DOREENWEND  
has the largest and most  
select stock to choose  
from in Canada, at prices  
to suit the time.  
A. DOREENWEND  
Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street



## CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &amp;c., &amp;c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"I can quite understand your feeling of uneasiness as to Daphne's intimacy with the de Maupas family," said Constance to her brother-in-law, "but I do not see how it is to be avoided unless you leave Paris for a time. That would make a break."

"Daphne declares she will not go. I have already suggested it."

"My dear Gerald, if you make up your mind she will be obliged to go."

"And what sort of a life do you suppose I should lead?" Mr. Armitage spoke half comically, half in earnest. "I don't think you have the slightest idea what Daphne can be when she is crossed or thwarted. I suppose you would not take her back to London with you?" he asked, with considerable hesitation.

"Frankly, no, I would rather not."

Mr. Armitage sighed. "What do you advise, Constance?"

"I think that if you could take a trip to Monte Carlo, or to Cannes, or to some cheerful place where she would enjoy herself, she would soon forget her acquaintances here; but I do not counsel you to bury her in a little country place. In my opinion it would be rank folly. Interest her, amuse her, give her so much to occupy her thoughts that she has no leisure to look back. That is my advice."

"I will act upon it. I have been very, very anxious, Constance. There has been a lack of candor and straightforwardness throughout the whole affair that I can only account for in one way. Daphne did not wish me to know how pleasant the intimacy had become."

"I do not think much harm has been done," said Constance, with an attempt at consolation.

"I am quite certain that at heart she loves you dearly."

He shook his head. He was by no means so well assured.

When Christmas and the *Jour de l'an* were over, Constance fixed an early day for her return. Not even to herself dare she confess how cruelly hurt she was feeling at Basil St. Quentin's studied coldness and neglect. He had not even had the grace to answer an invitation which Daphne sent him for the last night of the old year, nor had he sent a single greeting for the preceding day. He had been no longer persuade herself that it was accidental. For some reason he wished and intended to avoid her.

Calling at Madame de Maupas' with Daphne, she heard that he had been to the Rue St. Honoré on the preceding day. He had leisure then to pay visits to strangers! Constance felt wounded to the quick. She longed to go back to London, and as Daphne had taken kindly to the Monte Carlo project there was nothing to keep her longer in Paris. A letter from Rebecca put the finishing stroke to her discomfiture.

Miss Baillie had disappeared. For no reason whatever, so far as Mrs. Strangways knew. She simply walked out of the house, having packed her box the night before, and taking only a small handbag with her.

"Oh dear," sighed Constance, "she is so terribly thin-skinned. There are all unwittingly Rebecca may have given her offence. I must go back at once—I wish I had never left home!"

And it really did seem as if her journey had been productive of but small results, although Gerald Armitage warmly pressed her hand at parting, and declared that she was his good angel and that Daphne was far more amenable to reason for his influence.

The tears were in Constance's eyes as she rested her head wearily against the cushions and felt thankful that her journey was begun.

Now to return to London and Clarges street. Full of glad anticipations, Emily made her preparations, and arrived with Eva early on the day appointed.

Mrs. Strangways was not at home, and there was only Dyne to do the honors.

Eva flung her arms rapturously round the old woman's neck.

"Now you'll have to tell me a fairy tale every single night, and two on Christmas Eve," said she. And Dyne promised that she would.

"Lord Hardstock is going to show me how to cook an egg in his hat, and draw yards of ribbon out of a lighted candle. Won't it be beautiful?"

"Yes, miss." Dyne screwed up her face and took a quick glance at Miss Baillie out of the corner of her eye.

"Is his lordship expected, Dyne?"

It would have been more prudent to have kept silent, but it was beyond Emily. With all her heart she was longing to have all her glad anticipations confirmed.

"I believe so, miss."

Then it was true, really true. The color flew to her face, and she turned aside, but not so quickly but that Dyne saw it.

"Surely she's never a setting her cap in that quarter," the old woman said to herself. "But there, she's got brass enough in that face of hers to make a kettle, and cheek enough to fill it. The saluts preserve us! Who does she think she is, a wonder?"

But Emily's joy was short-lived. The day before Christmas Eve Mr. Strangways turned back as he was leaving the room to say carelessly to his wife:

"By the by, Rebecca, I quite forgot to give you a note from my friend. He is prevented from coming to us to-morrow."

"Ah! precisely what I expected." Mrs. Strangways' frown was significant. "What did I tell you, my dear? I knew he would not come."

Eva at this moment created a diversion by melting into tears.

"He promised to show me—" she began piteously, but her uncle patted her head kindly, and told her he was more wonderful than his lordship, and would entertain her himself, and nobody paid any attention to Emily, for while she was thus talking, feeling as she did that she had grown ghastly white. The disappointment was so great. Somehow she had counted on this visit of Rupert's. It was almost more than she could bear.

Later on, as she sat in her own room, she told herself miserably that her lover must have known that she was in Clarges street and that it was a positive insult to act as he was doing. She would like to have rushed off in search of him, and if she had been at home it is more than probable she would have done so, but as a guest at Mrs. Strangways' house it was not possible. Christmas Day came and went, and anything more dreary poor Emily never experienced. Eva had eaten too many good things and was fractious and troublesome. Emily's piteous little letter to Lord Hardstock remained unanswered. He had not even considered it necessary to send her a card of greeting although Mrs. Strangways and Eva had both received one. Emily was growing desperate.

Three or four days passed by, and at length she hinted that she was desirous of paying a visit to friends at a distance, and if not inconvenient would like to leave Clarges street about four o'clock on the following afternoon.

"And you must forgive me if I am a little late," she murmured with a winning smile.

"It is such a terrible distance to Richmond, and my friends have no spare room, or I would remain all night." Of course Mrs. Strangways said it was of no consequence, and Emily departed the next afternoon.

"I expect Miss Baillie had too much mince pie," remarked Eva reflectively, as she watched her governess walk briskly down the street.

"Why?" asked Mr. Strangways, with whom the child was somewhat of a favorite, possibly because he saw extremely little of her.

"Because she's rather cross, like I was, you

know."

"Mrs. Baillie wouldn't be cross if you were a good girl, Eva," said Rebecca.

Eva played a bar or two on the window sill with her restless fingers, shrugged her plump little shoulders and laughed.

"Auntie Becky," she confided solemnly after a pause, "something goes wrong inside; it isn't a bit me."

Whereupon Mr. Strangways broke into a fit of noisy mirth, and his wife thanked Providence that she had not been blessed with a family.

Now although Emily left Clarges street at an orthodox hour, she knew far too much about Lord Hardstock's habits to expect to find him at his chambers until very much later, so she frittered the time away in sundry small shoppings, taking an omnibus up to Westbourne Grove, that refuge to the destitute, and making her purchases in an exasperatingly leisurely way, after which she ordered a sandwich and a glass of sherry, and frittered away another twenty minutes.

It was close upon eight o'clock when at length she found herself on the familiar staircase, and her heart thumped and hammered against her side, as she ran lightly up. She knocked again and again, but there was no reply. As once before, so now, she stooped down to raise the mat, but no key was there.

I will wait. I am not going back until I have seen him," she said resolutely. Half an hour passed slowly away. Still no sound, and not a soul coming up or down.

Then Emily pulled a letter out of her pocket, tore off a half sheet and scribbled a word or two on it.

"I shall be back in an hour. I must see you."

This she dropped into the letter box, and went wearily downstairs.

"I must have dinner, and if he comes in again before I return he will find what I have written and wait for me," she reflected, and hailed a hansom and had herself driven to a quiet little restaurant she knew of, where despite her uneasiness she managed to make a very substantial meal, order a pint of champagne, and drink every drop of it.

Then she returned to the Albany. The door was still shut, and everything looked precisely as when she left, only that the mat was a trifle askew, and the improvement was that the hat put in the box had been removed. This she was sure of, for fearing lest it might be overlooked, she had taken the precaution to turn over a tiny corner of the paper, so that it projected a little bit. Not a trace was now to be seen.

With renewed hope she knocked loudly, pressing her finger to the electric bell at the same time. All was as silent as the grave and as unresponsive.

It could not be possible that he had been and gone, disregarding her communication! Emily paced up and down the narrow passage in a white heat of rage. If he were so, she would never forgive him—never!

Even a worm will turn, and Emily felt that her patience had reached its utmost limits. Then as she passed, her eyes riveted on the door, from within came the unmistakable sound of a jaw—dially smothered.

He was there! And he did not intend to see her. It was some little time before the full knowledge of this dawned upon her. Her hand was raised to the knocker to emphasize the fact that she was waiting there, and knew that her lover was lying low, then it dropped at her side, and with a face grown old and haggard she went slowly down the staircase and out into the street.

Miss Baillie was back in Clarges street by half-past ten and retired at once to her room, being seen by no one, and by early daybreak she was gone. Her bed had been unaltered in her box was packed and strapped, and the only articles missing were a handbag and a long cloak which had hung behind the door.

"And now, my dear, you know as much as I do," said Mrs. Strangways to her sister. "I may say the whole thing is extraordinary, but we shall probably have a solution of the problem before long. You had better make up your mind to remain here for a day or two."

And Constance was glad to do so. Her brain was in a whirl. What in the world could have induced Miss Baillie to act so strangely? She could only fall back on her old surmise, but Rebecca must have given her offence in some way, and she was determined not to remain beneath her roof. But why had she not communicated with herself? This she could and should have done. Eva had been left in her charge, and Mrs. Armitage could not feel that she had grossly neglected her duties.

She passed a restless night. Her head ached, and she could still feel the motion of the steamer, that eternal thud, thud, as it ploughed through the waters. She came down to breakfast looking pale and ill, and Rebecca persuaded her to go into the drawing-room and lie down for an hour or two. She had hardly been there ten minutes when the door bell rang, and to her great annoyance, Lord Hardstock was ushered in.

"I suppose I shall hear from her in time," he thought. There was nothing to be done but wait, for he had not the remotest idea where to turn to look for her. She had no friends except himself. Of course there was that doctor fellow—Dale. Was it possible that she was with him? He admired her—had actually proposed to her, or she said he had.

Lord Hardstock drew a long breath. That would prove the happiest solution of the mystery, but somehow his lordship felt rather doubtful. He got a directory and copied out the address in case he might require it. And when three or four days passed by, and still there was no news of the stray lamb, he went over to Kensington and boldly walked up to the surgery door and rang the bell. As it changed, Dr. Dale opened it himself, being in the act of going out. Seeing a gentleman standing there, he at once asked him to come in.

The two men stood facing each other.

"He doesn't look like a patient; what does he want?" was in the mind of one, while the other was telling himself that women were little cattle. Here was a splendid-looking fellow whom any girl might be proud to love, and yet Emily had turned up her pretty little nose at him.

"I must apologize for taking up your time, I presume you are Dr. Dale," began Lord Hardstock, "and I believe you were in attendance some time ago at Mrs. Armitage's and made the acquaintance of a young lady there—Miss Baillie?"

"Miss Baillie was my patient," Dr. Dale spoke haughtily.

"Precisely so—may I ask if you have seen or heard of her during the last fortnight?"

"No, I have not. I understood that she had accompanied Mrs. Armitage's little daughter on a visit to her aunt, and I believe has not yet returned."

He was speaking the truth, Lord Hardstock could see that. Evidently he did not know where Emily was.

"I trust nothing is wrong?"

"No—I hope not. The young lady left Clarges street somewhat precipitately, and both Mrs. Strangways and Mrs. Armitage are much distressed about it."

"I am addressing—" Dr. Dale was not a man to beat about the bush. He intended to know who his visitor was, and what he had to do with Miss Baillie.

"My name is Hardstock. You may have heard of me. I have known Miss Baillie many years, and was instrumental in placing her with Mrs. Armitage. This rash step on her part makes it extremely awkward for me. You are not able to help me then?"

Dr. Dale paused. "I did not say that. I do not know where the young lady is, but I might—find out."

"How the deuce can you do that?" wondered his lordship, but a straw is not to be despised when all else fails, so he bowed and looked grateful and pleased.

Dr. Dale passed his hand over his brow, and remained silent for some minutes; then he motioned to a table on which were ink and

argued until Constance rose with an angry flush on her face.

"Please understand that my decision is irrevocable," she said; "under no circumstances could I reconsider it. I have no wish to alter my condition and prefer to remain single."

He pushed his chair aside and faced her, a curious expression about his mouth which puzzled Constance to decipher.

"I will never give up hope," he said between his teeth with dogged persistence. "I believe in fate and I am assured that one day we shall come together."

"Never," said Constance's heart. Aloud she said gently:

"At all events, in the meantime I may be allowed to have a mind of my own?"

He bowed. A minute later the door shut upon him and Constance sank back on her sofa with a half laugh that was something like a sob.

"I am weak and foolish to-day," she said as she dried her eyes.

But she was something more than that, though she would not acknowledge it to herself. She was proving herself a true woman, and no wiser than the rest of her sex and grieving over the defection of a man.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lord Hardstock had plenty of food for reflection, and to judge by his countenance his musings were not of the happiest. Constance's rejection of his offer neither surprised nor disappointed him. He had expected nothing else. He knew she did not love him, but he believed in the potency of the dropping water, and was willing to bide his time until the stone showed signs of softening. He was not in the least disheartened at the failure of the first attempt, and had both pluck and determination to try again and again, but he was seriously discomfited at the news respecting Emily. Not a word had he received from her since the night she had been to his rooms. Where then was she, and what was she doing? That he was at the bottom of it all, of course he was well convinced. Whatever poor Emily's thoughts were, she was undeniably in love with him. The girl could not have been so foolish as to destroy herself! No, he put the notion out of his mind at once. She was too fond of the good things of this world, of life and its pleasures; too solicitous for her own comfort to do herself an injury.

"I suppose I shall hear from her in time," he thought. There was nothing to be done but wait, for he had not the remotest idea where to turn to look for her. She had no friends except himself. Of course there was that doctor fellow—Dale. Was it possible that she was with him? He admired her—had actually proposed to her, or she said he had.

Lord Hardstock drew a long breath. That would prove the happiest solution of the mystery, but somehow his lordship felt rather doubtful. He got a directory and copied out the address in case he might require it. And when three or four days passed by, and still there was no news of the stray lamb, he went over to Kensington and boldly walked up to the surgery door and rang the bell. As it changed, Dr. Dale opened it himself, being in the act of going out. Seeing a gentleman standing there, he at once asked him to come in.

The two men stood facing each other.

"He doesn't look like a patient; what does he want?" was in the mind of one, while the other was telling himself that women were little cattle. Here was a splendid-looking fellow whom any girl might be proud to love, and yet Emily had turned up her pretty little nose at him.

"I must apologize for taking up your time, I presume you are Dr. Dale," began Lord Hardstock, "and I believe you were in attendance some time ago at Mrs. Armitage's and made the acquaintance of a young lady there—Miss Baillie?"

"Miss Baillie was my patient," Dr. Dale spoke haughtily.

"Precisely so—may I ask if you have seen or heard of her during the last fortnight?"

"No, I have not. I understood that she had accompanied Mrs. Armitage's little daughter on a visit to her aunt, and I believe has not yet returned."

He was speaking the truth, Lord Hardstock could see that. Evidently he did not know where Emily was.

"I trust nothing is wrong?"

"No—I hope not. The young lady left Clarges street somewhat precipitately, and both Mrs. Strangways and Mrs. Armitage are much distressed about it."

"I am addressing—" Dr. Dale was not a man to beat about the bush. He intended to know who his visitor was, and what he had to do with Miss Baillie.

"My name is Hardstock. You may have heard of me. I have known Miss Baillie many years, and was instrumental in placing her with Mrs. Armitage. This rash step on her part makes it extremely awkward for me. You are not able to help me then?"

Dr. Dale paused. "I did not say that. I do not know where the young lady is, but I might—find out."

"How the deuce can you do that?" wondered his lordship, but a straw is not to be despised when all else fails, so he bowed and looked grateful and pleased.

Dr. Dale passed his hand over his brow, and remained silent for some minutes; then he motioned to a table on which were ink and

## CENTS

## BOTTLE

DR. T. A.

SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of

PURE COD LIVER OIL

TASTELESS

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

LABORATORY, TORONTO, ONT.

## USE IT FOR

Difficulty of Breathing  
Tightness of the Chest  
Wasting Away of Flesh  
Throat Troubles  
Consumption  
Bronchitis, Weak Lungs  
Asthma, Coughs  
Catarrh, Colds



papers.

"Kindly leave me your address. I will communicate with you if I have any information that may be of service."

A minute later Lord Hardstock took his departure.

"I have done it before—the question is, can I do it again?"

Vivian Dale stood with both hands resting on the back of the chair his visitor had just vacated. He was in a hurry, that is to say he had received a summons ten minutes before to a case that was likely to prove a lengthy one, so he turned over a heap of books that lay on a side table, and selecting one that served his purpose slipped it into his pocket, picked up his hat and went out, locking the door behind him.

In a stuffy little room at the top of a lodging-house in Arundel street, and for which never theless she was asked an extortionate sum, by reason of its close vicinity to Piccadilly, Emily Baillie had taken up her residence. But it is very certain that if Lord Hardstock, or Mrs. Armitage, or even keen-sighted little Eva, had passed her in the street they would not have recognized her. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She believed that she had transformed herself into a portly, middle-aged woman, with a fringe of black, curly hair, sundry lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth destroying all resemblance to her own physiognomy, with its fresh skin and soft curves. In a waterproof and a close-fitting black bonnet, no one would have noticed her, or if they had, would have supposed her to be a little tradesman's wife and never given her a second glance. This was precisely what Emily wished and intended. Her suspicions were now fully roused. She



"Oh, Emily, if only I might be something nearer and dearer."

She shook her head, but she slid her hand into his and let it lie there.

"Make yourselves friends of the man of unrighteousness," was counsel which Emily never disregarded. She was wise in her generation, and knew that "great things from little things arise," and that it was folly to despise small beginnings.

Dr. Deak might be forgiven for leaning towards the belief that Emily might yet be induced to lend a ready ear to his wooing.

(To be Continued.)

### Did She Marry the Colonel?

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"Patricia, you are either a fool or a hypocrite!"

The remark was not a pretty one, and addressed to a girl, it seemed doubly harsh, but Patricia Hembury smiled placidly at her brother as he leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap.

"I may be a fool," she said, still smiling.

"Then Heaven help Brainerd!" was his reply as he left the room.

The derisive curve of the girl's lips drooped into a weary line when she found herself alone, and a long sigh accompanied the words she uttered half aloud.

"If I could only know my own mind!"

And yet she did not look like a girl of indecision, despite the shadows on her face, which told of mental worry and irresolution. The round, pink chin had character, undeveloped perhaps, but there for all that, and the forehead, though unseamed by thought lines, was an open and firm one.

Patricia had been engaged for six months to Gilbert Brainerd, a young doctor, handsome and clever enough to win and hold the love of any sensible girl, and it was this engagement that was now causing her so much trouble.

Perhaps Brainerd's reserve or matter-of-fact way of receiving her affection had cooled the ardor of Patricia's devotion, and she had begun to doubt whether her regard for him was genuine, or merely gratified vanity at being cared for.

After weeks of harassing perplexity she had determined to confide in her brother, who was spending his Easter holidays at the house of the aunt with whom Patricia lived.

She had proposed to him that she should ask Brainerd for a year's absence of the engagement, pleading her own lukewarm state of heart, and the possibility of a change in her lover's affection also. This last argument had roused in her brother's mind a suspicion which found utterance in the words already recorded.

"You care for someone else, I suppose," he had added, half expecting her to repudiate indignantly a charge so unlikely.

A month ago Patricia would have answered such a question naturally and simply, but a sore conscience and a pendulous mind are very apt to put one's common sense on the bias.

"If I do, then my plan will be so much the better," she replied.

"There!" and with one last energetic pat on the square envelope to fix the stamp, the important letter was dropped into the postoffice box, and Patricia walked slowly up the principal street in Brainerd's odd sensation of loneliness in her heart, but yet relieved and almost glad as she saw before her a whole year of freedom. For she knew perfectly well that Gilbert would not indulge in heroics; he would let her have her way, and if she hurt him he would not cry out.

The answer came promptly by return mail.

"You have been honest with me as always. I have never regarded you as bound to an engagement, though I believed that you cared for me. As for myself, I cannot help loving you and would not, if I could. A year from now, say at Easter, I shall come to you and then I trust that we may understand one another better." The writer then went on to speak of indifferent matters—the weather, of his work, and at the close asked Patricia to be hospitable to a Colonel Deak, an old friend, who would shortly be in Brainerd's.

The letter piqued Miss Hembury.

"I wonder if he cares," she said to herself, slipping the letter back into its envelope, and then she added half-regretfully, "Letters are so horribly unsatisfactory!"

Patricia was not a girl of intense emotions and she would not have felt very deeply had Brainerd accepted an entire release with alacrity. She had not, and probably never would have, a passionate grasp of life as love and of love as life. Her affection for her brother was perhaps the strongest she had ever experienced, and yet, deep down in her heart, she felt that the love she gave to Brainerd was not exactly what she knew herself capable of giving as a wife.

She worried a little over her decision, she burnt all her love letters, she transferred her photograph from her vanity table to the family album, but, strange to say, the roses in her cheeks still bloomed, the sparkle in her eye was as bright as ever and her appetite could alarm nobody by its delicacy.

Mrs. Adams, the aunt, was far more concerned over the temporarily broken engagement than was her niece. She had taken Gilbert Brainerd into her simple, kindly old heart and she pitied him for the pain she knew he was suffering. She could not understand the change in Patricia—to her it was utterly without reason.

But to Patricia's brother the change did not appear so sudden or so excuseless. In her letters during the past few months, and in several chance remarks she made, he thought he could detect a new tone, and not one of a truer ring. Comments upon a former school-mate's splendid match, half-expressed wishes for more money and a good time, had shown him that his sister's mind was not rising to the high ideal he had always placed before her—the memory of the dear mother. Longing for wealth, and all that wealth can give, though natural and right enough in themselves, if fostered and indulged will push better aspirations into the background, and a great discontent had gradually grown up in Patricia's heart at the thought of settling down to a quiet life as the helpmeet of a country doctor—a life in which how to eat one's cake and have it too would be the one all-absorbing problem.

Colonel Deak came and fully justified all that Brainerd had written of him. Patricia soon discovered that he knew nothing of his friend's engagement and this fact was agreeable to her. Why, she did not care to ask herself. The sober, middle-aged manners and gentle courtesy of the officer were passports to the goodwill of the strictest duenna, and Mrs. Adams conscientiously hedged round with her own little wall of "good form," just so high and just so thick, said nothing to fear when the colonel and his niece spent hours over an impenetrable game of chess, or when they took walks of many miles together, or when he held the girl so spell-bound, listening to regimental stories, that her attention could only be tardily recalled to other matters.

As regards the two friends, one of them at least had no intention of falling in love or of causing the other to leap into so deep and treacherous a pool. Patricia felt a delicious sense of freedom at this period. She deemed herself accountable to no one for her words or her deeds, and she had been a vague sense of pleasure in thinking that at any moment she could, if it so pleased her, revert to her former state of thralldom.

But the colonel had developed some strange habits that greatly surprised his man Brainerd. That worthy put two and two together and ascribed as he thought of his honest master fall into the hands of the Philistines.

"Here, I've brought him through safely these twenty years and now he goes and does for himself!" said this wise Gehazi.

The colonel owed to his accusing conscience that he was making a fool of himself, but consoled his wounded pride by recalling that para-

doxical proverb about the man who never makes a fool of himself. He determined to test the weight of his foolishness.

"I'll do it this afternoon. I will, by gad!" he assured the empty air on three successive mornings as he plunged into his bath. And on the fourth afternoon "do it" he certainly did.

Calling on Mrs. Adams, he found, to his trepidation and delight, Patricia alone. She was sewing on some white stuff and the colonel sat opposite to her, his eyes riveted on the deft fingers. He had seen hundreds of women sewing, but he was positive that none of them perched the thimble so daintily, or drew the thread in and out so prettily as did Patricia, and he could have sworn that none of them looked up so bewitchingly through dark lashes between the stitches.

"What exquisite work that is!" he said at length.

"Your sarcasm is withering, Colonel Deak!" she answered, laughing. "This is a duster."

"I meant—I didn't mean—I should have said, how exquisitely you work!"

"How ridiculous!" she cried. "Any ordinary woman sews beautifully in a man's estimation."

"But you are not an ordinary woman and—"

Then the colonel "did it;" how, he never knew.

For a moment the girl made no answer to his awkwardly shy declaration. This rush of feeling, this terrible choking sense of new consciousness that surged in her heart, was it love for her suitor, or was it fear or was it shame, or what was it? There was a ring of indecision in her voice, as she replied:

"I wish you had not said this. I was so happy in your friendship, and now—"

"Miss Patricia," he interrupted slowly, "if it vexes you to think of me otherwise than as a friend, then it will be only as a friend that I shall speak to you. If you cannot give all want, do you think I shall refuse what you can give?"

This speech was not altogether pleasing to my lady; it sounded too much like withdrawal of the siege without sufficient action; a little pique served the colonel's cause well—or ill, just as you please.

"Will you give me time to decide?" she asked kindly.

"Certainly. But do think kindly of me; and when will you let me know?"

"Sometime this spring—at Easter," and as she said it, her heart smote her.

A note came to Patricia the next morning to say that the colonel had left town and would not return till Easter.

And now, free from lovers and all like troubles, Patricia found plenty of time to discover the true state of her feelings. Quiet self-examination did not tend to peace of mind and conscience. She saw very clearly how despicably she was acting, but lacked courage to put away lying and speak the truth. Tacitly at least, she had said to herself, "Don't throw away a good chance. Keep Colonel Deak at your heels until you know whether you will return to Brainerd or not."

She contrasted the position of Colonel Deak's wife with that of Brainerd's. Both good men, both with an average stock of brains, but one wealthy, the other poor. Over and over again did she argue with her heart, and over and over again did she come to the same conclusion. If Deak were out of the way she would love Brainerd, and if Brainerd were out of the question she would love Deak.

"Unwomanly, horrible!" you say. Perhaps you are right.

One morning, a month or so before Easter, she was sorting a box of old treasures and unexpectedly found a note of Brainerd's, which she must have overlooked when destroying her letters. It was a loving little note, asking pardon for some offence he had given her, and as she read tears started to her eyes. "How foolish, how wicked I have been, Gilbert dear," she whispered, softly kissing the paper.

But the feeling was too sudden to be deep. The very next day the old sensation of being tired of Brainerd returned, and she thought of the stately, gentle colonel, almost with relief.

A week before Easter, Patricia wrote to her brother, begging advice and sympathy.

"I am a perfect weather vane," so the letter declared. "I wake in the morning, believing myself deeply in love with Gilbert. I go to bed at night utterly disgusted with myself and him. The most incongruous and unlikely things away me; aunt speaks, and an intonation in her voice makes me imagine myself once more happy in Gilbert's affection; she speaks again and the spell is broken. I think, with intense relief, of an entire release. The moving of a chair, the striking of a clock, the leap of a flame in the fire—they all influence, now we'll, now ill. What shall I do?"

True to his promise Gilbert Brainerd arrived and Patricia, being informed of his presence, went down to the drawing-room to greet him. It so happened that one of the reactions in Gilbert's favor was in force that day.

She paused with her hand on the door; he must have no suspicion of her tardy loyalty; he must take the initiative. The words he had written recurred to her memory, "I will always love you, because I cannot help it, and would not help it if I could."

He was standing by the fireplace when she entered, which she did so quietly that she was at his side before he noticed her.

"Oh, I knew you would not keep me long. How are you? But I needn't ask, you are radiant with health."

All this in a perfectly unembarrassed matter-of-fact tone as he shook her hand warmly.

"My visit here is slightly unnecessary, is it not?" with an arch look.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a startled voice.

"Deak tells me that you have treated him royally. Fine old chap, isn't he? I had no idea when I recommended him to your hospitality that—"

"We have enjoyed knowing him very much," she said quickly.

"Yes, so I should imagine. I met him a few weeks ago and being old friends, he confided his hopes to me."

"I did not know that you knew the colonel so well as that!" she exclaimed. Doubtless it was this surprising fact that drove all blood from her cheeks.

"Why, surely you have heard me speak of Deak as an old friend. Well, anyway, you have made a change for the better. You took advantage of our mutual trust sooner than I did."

If Patricia had grown suddenly fogged and trembling he did not notice it, and he went on: "I thought you cruel last year, but now I see how wise you were. It would be very foolish to marry a first love!"

His light laugh and words were brutal, but the very brutality showed that he was ignorant of her pain; he thought her as relieved and happy as himself.

Patricia stood up; her mouth wore a most charming smile.

"I see," she said, "that you also are open to congratulations. I give them with all my heart. And let me thank you for having spared me the annoyance of being first to own that our agreement was wise."

Brantford, Ont.

Home From Florida.

Eveline—Mabel, dear, the gentleman we just passed was Mr. Trotter, whom we met at Fernandina.

Mabel—So it was. Oh, Evey, let us drive from this place before he recognizes me!

Eveline—But I thought you liked him.

Mabel—And so I do. But this is the same suit I wore the last time we met, and—and—what would he think of me if he saw it again!

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

## TAKE

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring*, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer*, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn*, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter*, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

## AYER'S

Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S.

## SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Has cured others, will cure you

## A SMOOTH FACE

Sold by all Reliable Druggists

AGENTS WANTED

The Berlin Chemical Co.

Berlin, Ont.

## WOMAN'S MISERIES!

Sore hands, raw fingers, cracked skin! What pain and misery many women suffer through the use of injurious soaps and powders!

These troubles don't exist where "SUNLIGHT" SOAP is used. On the testimony of eminent scientists IT CANNOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Soap which hurts the skin MUST HURT THE CLOTHES, hence it should be avoided. "SUNLIGHT" has been awarded 6 Gold Medals and other honors for purity and excellence.

Let this induce you to try it next washday, and for all domestic purposes.

## Remember the Name, "Sunlight"

### A Narrow Escape.

Howell Gibbon—I say, old fel, who is that stunning girl?

Hoffman Howes—S-h-h-h, not so loud; she took a prize in boxing.

Howell Gibbon (faintly)—Oh, Hoffy, suppose she had heard me!

\$100 Round Trip Suspension Bridge to Washington, D. C., on March 15, with privilege of visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Valley Railways.

Just a few days of recreation gives new life and courage to every person to start their work again, and we have made our rates so very low that it is just as cheap to travel as to stay at home. Reduced rates have also been arranged to all the principal cities in close proximity to Washington. Be sure and see the great horse shoe at Mauch Chunk. On your return home you can visit Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and it will cost you only four dollars extra to return home via New York. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Magnificent vestibule Pullman sleepers will run through to Washington. For further particulars apply to W. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

### Too Close.

Mr. Lotos—Have you any idea what are the relations between that young Rivers Ide and our Lena?

Mrs. Lotos—I don't know; the young people seem to be very close mouthed.

Mr. Lotos—H'm; so I thought when I discovered them on the parlor sofa this evening.

### California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 25 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

### A Sensible Choice.

School Teacher (after discoursing on literature)—Now, George Gazam, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Oscar Wilde?

George—Oscar Wilde, ma'am.

"Indeed? Why?"

"Because Shakespeare's dead."

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, cheques, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

### A Census of Devils.

Of devils, Guilelmus Parisiensis has found, on an exact computation, that there are 44,435,556, but it has been said that they vastly exceed that number. Their external forms and internal characteristics have been minutely described. Their bodies are not terrestrial, but according to the Church scholars, something analogous. John Wier, a physician of Cleves, convinced that this world is peopled by crowds of devils, wrote, in 1576, a book of some thousand folio pages which is one of our chief sources of information on the subject. He makes seventy-two princes of devils, 74,059,920 subjects. He may have owed this information to his master, Cornelius Agrippa. Collin de Plancy, in his Dictionnaire Infernal,

is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, and especially so in the case of

LADIES VAN-DAL-INE NO ARSENIC IRRITATION EMOLLIENT HUMBUG Perfectly Harmless Wonderfully Effective Price 50 Cents

### Heat and Cold.

The use of the hands, as in washing in hot water, then exposing them to extreme cold, is prolific of a very common misery. Mrs. Robert Simpson, 71 Berkeley street, Toronto, writes Oct. 2, 1891, as follows: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatic cramps of the hands after all other treatment failed me. My hands were much swollen and painful, and for a time I was nearly helpless; however, thanks to the magic touch of St. Jacobs Oil, shortly after its use I was relieved, and ultimately entirely cured. I now always have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in the house."

### Too Bad.

De Jinks (looking at his shoes)—I had these patent-leathers varnished to-day.

Hoffy—What's the matter—leather worn out?

De Jinks—No; the patent has expired.

### A Delicate Hint.

"There is but one thing I desire," she sighed. "Tell me," he pleaded, "and you shall have it. What is it?"

"Rest," she answered.

## CANCER

It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and pleasant treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 5 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

STOFF & JURY BOWMANVILLE, Ont.

## The Wonder of the Age

### THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS

HALIFAX, N. S.

WRITES CONCERNING

## ALE AND - BEEF PEPTONIZED

"I can recommend Ale and Beef as a good tonic."

### Try It and be Convinced!

PRICE 25 CENTS

All enterprising Druggists keep it.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS**

GOLD MEDALS PARIS 1878-1889

Numbers for Ladies' use, Medium and Broad Points, 100 M, 100 B, 225 M, 225 B, 552, 612 M, 612 B, 900 M, 900 B (oblique). Fine Points—165, 166, 267, 268, 509.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

## CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

is the cause of so many lives that there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1.25. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.  
Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 1708.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:  
One Year ..... \$2.00  
Six Months ..... \$1.00  
Three Months ..... 50  
Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

VOL. V] TORONTO, MAR. 5, 1892. [NO. 15

## The Independent Theater.

PROBABLY the near future will see the establishment of an independent theater in New York. This fact, perhaps, will not in the immediate future have any direct bearing on theatricals in Toronto, but if it accomplishes

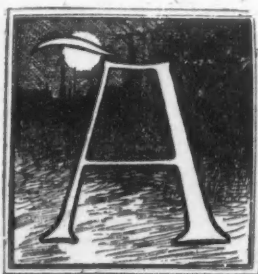
what it sets out to do, it should indirectly influence the attractions for the continent. It has the supposed object of reuniting literature and the drama. This is a consummation which, if done according to the directions of the university lecturers who once in a while break out in eulogy of the past and sorrow for the degenerate present, is not devoutly to be wished. The usual weakness of scholastic critics is their failure to recognize the dramatic quality as a distinct entity. But few readers do not know that the dramatic "idea" is latent at least—in the minds of all. Most people have an intuitive grasp of the dramatic even although they may be unable to express it in words. Everyone dramatizes his own life, be he a thinking or unthinking person. It is the dramatist's task to seize on the dramatic spirit of a subject and by his art mould it into a form that shall minister to the dramatic in the appetite of onlookers. The unthinking onlooker will enjoy cheap effects and crude colors; the thinking one will trace the scenes so presented to their source, and he asks for deep and subtle effects and so for him, the dramatist must call psychology to his aid.

Now the Independent theater of London, England, started out with a recognition of the dramatic "idea." But though they ostensibly catered to the thinking theatergoer, the psychology its directors administered was of a very peculiar kind. It was interesting enough, as a freak is interesting to a medical student, but as a regular, everyday thing, the public grew tired of it and were repelled by its loathsome qualities. Ibsenites seem to suppose that dirt is all that there is to analyze, but the general thinking public are not Ibsenites, happily; and a three fold analysis of all that is repulsive soon becomes monotonous.

In an equal plane with psychology as an aid to the dramatist in making his work acceptable, stand literature and humor. If a play has no psychology but high poetic qualities it may possibly succeed; an instance of which is Hugo's *Hernani*. A play without psychology but with high humorous qualities, has strong chances of success, for humor appeals to all while literature to but a portion; the Private Secretary is a most striking instance of this fact. A drama with true psychology and with neither humor nor literature can also succeed as has *Monbars*. But with all these qualities must be united the dramatic quality; for does it not constitute the drama itself? The New York Independent Theater is in good hands. Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, and Mr. Frank R. Stockton have true humor, true psychology; and the position of literature to the drama will probably not be allowed to be unduly exaggerated. No instances such as *Hernani*, brought forward under such independent auspices, are likely to occur. Shakespeare is the cry of those who vaguely talk of the wedding of literature and the drama. But Shakespeare is first dramatist, then psychologist, then humorist; lastly a creator of literature. I will not deny that the literature of Shakespeare's dramas is that which makes them a gift to posterity, but does the university critic imagine that the populace of Elizabethan London patronized Shakespeare's *Hamlet* more because they thought that it would still be considered the greatest of dramas by the theatergoers of centuries to come? Because every dramatist is not a Shakespeare should no modern clothing be seen on the stage?

The independent theater can do good work, but by no possibility better than that A. M. Palmer or Augustin Daly or Daniel Frohman are doing. The directors must recognize that at least three or four qualities other than literary ones go to the making of a good play, and that first-class plays have been produced which entirely ignore it. A genius like Shakespeare is born once in a thousand years. Most of the modern plays which ultimately succeed have all his chief distinguishing qualities as a dramatist, but in a lesser degree. The times are not so degenerate as they seem. TOUCHSTONE.

## The Drama.



SEASON of the legitimate drama goes with good relish in Toronto. Shakespeare still continues to draw, and houses as large as those of last Saturday, when Keene performed *The Merchant of Venice* and *Richard III.*, are seldom seen. A high-class repertoire calls for a high standard of criticism and it is to be feared that were Keene judged by the law as laid down by his master Shakespeare, he might be found wanting in some few of the requisites of a good actor. It is to be feared that Keene does at times "overstep the modesty of nature," and that there are times

when he might in his acting advisedly "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." But he is a conscientious and thoughtful actor, who makes his particular successes in "character" parts. His *Louis XI.* is a finished performance. When it is necessary that certain physical peculiarities which have a bearing on the impersonation must be maintained and he has not a great chance to be noisy, Keene leaves little to be desired. Perhaps it is more effective than artistic to speak in several tones of voice, but with a man of many moods such as *Louis*, one must expect many vagaries. One intelligent onlooker remarked that some of *Louis*'s asides were surprisingly like nineteenth century wit, but it is probable that this nineteenth century has no monopoly of cynical old men. These same witty asides were admirably done by Keene; he did not make the mistake of making them obtrusive. His fine mobile face was also responsible for much of his success. On Friday night, in *Richelieu*, he simulated the infirmity of the cardinal with great excellence. Keene's tendency to overstep the modesty of nature is particularly apparent in his somewhat defective declamation, but *Richelieu* is, like *Louis XI.*, a play so strong in good and dramatic situations as to carry a man with "character" abilities along with it, and in spite of its sombreness is always acceptable. Both *Richelieu* and *Louis XI.*, as plays, lack good, distinctive—or I might say, Shakespearean character-drawing, and one still retains one's allegiance to the great Elizabethan. Keene's *Shylock* was an unfinished piece of work. His vocal mannerisms, his tendency to rant, were less restrained than in other parts, but as his audience was largely composed of those to whom the theater is a rare bit of indulgence, "awful like sin," it was not a critical one. The hundreds of ladies and school-girls present at the Grand last Saturday afternoon went more to hear *Portia* say "The quality of mercy is not strained," and to hear Gratiano bate the Jew, than to pay much attention to Keene's or anybody's acting. Every maiden present, perhaps, had a lurking idea that a great *Portia* was lost in her. In *Cibber*'s awkward arrangement of *Richard III.*, on Saturday night, Keene did some very excellent work. It is one of his best known and most popular impersonations. He was especially good and reminiscent of Lewis Morrison in certain of *Richard*'s Mephistophelean passages, and the chief fault to be found was with his hacked declamation of the longer soliloquies. Take Keene's work as a whole and it shows honest endeavor, much talent, and general effectiveness. Something that Marion Crawford says in the current *Atlantic* may throw light on the fact that there seems much more of Thomas W. Keene than of the character presented, in all his work. "Those who have been intimate with a great actor," says Crawford, "know that the characters he plays best are not all assumed; there is a little of each in his own nature. There is a touch of the real *Othello* in Salvini; there is, perhaps, a strain of the melancholy Scandinavian in English Irving." Now Keene usually plays villains, or at any rate men of peculiar and misshapen morals, and it is possible that he personally has little in common with such characters. It is probable that he has no intuitive grasp of a villain's emotions except in passages such as the Mephistophelean bits in *Richard III.*, in which nearly all human nature cannot but sympathize.

There is an actress in Keene's company, however, who can give an impersonation that is almost real. I speak of Miss Henrietta Vaders, who played *Portia*, and Queen Elizabeth in *Richard III.* Her *Portia* was excellent though somewhat too maternally in appearance, but on Saturday night in the scene when Queen Elizabeth parts with her two sons, she did work more natural, more touching than the efforts of any one else in the company, star included, during the whole engagement. In the small part of *Barbel* in *Louis XI.*, her work was also very fine. Despite a defective stage presence which unfits her for some parts, there is some real acting-genius about her. Miss Alberta Gallatin has a charming stage presence, and has evidently had good teaching. She speaks her lines well and makes the most of them, and was an excellent *Marie* in *Louis XI.*, a pleasing *Nerissa*, and did good work in the trying role of *Lady Anne* in *Richard III.* Mr. Frank Henning is an actor with some power and a fine voice, which he uses too much at times. Mr. Walter Matthews, Mr. Carl Ahrendt, Mr. John Harrison and Mrs. S. A. Baker deserve mention. The company, though defective in some members, is of a "legitimate" class, and men well adapted for modern society plays do not strut abashed in the sock and buskin of old.

The obsolete *Two Orphans* is almost as old as East Lynne and recalls to one the days before he was born. It is a good melodrama. It has neither psychology, humor nor literature in it, but it is cleverly constructed, and most melodramas have not this good quality even. Everyone knows its picturesque qualities, and everyone knows how cleverly Kate Claxton plays the blind girl. The white arms that shivered in the cold are plumper than they used to be. In the piece all characters are either angels or devils, and as nearly every member of the company plays "doubles," almost everyone has a chance of assuming both characters. Chas. A. Stevenson was very good both as Jacques and as Chevalier de Vaudrey. Lillian Lawrence was comely, and her *Henriette* was evidently a well studied task. Geo. Foster Platt did good work in the very trying role of the cripple, and *Marie* Bingham was well made-up and did excellent work as the brutal Mother Frochard. The balance of the company did fair work. Worse shows have been better patronized this season.

Next week's very fine attraction at the Grand will be an elaborate production of *Amy Robsart* by Marie Wainwright.

The Theatrical Mechanical Association's benefit was a novelty for Torontonians. Three companies, three orchestras and a large representation of local talent were certainly worth hearing, and a large audience was assembled at Jacobs & Sparrow's theater. The playing of the combined orchestras of the Grand, the Academy and Jacobs & Sparrow's was perhaps

the most notable feature of the entertainment. Characteristic and other selections were rendered, including *Ten Minutes* with the Minstrels, Suppe's *Mora*, *Noon and Night*, and Auld Lang Syne, and met with immense applause. Thomas W. Keene also gave a brilliant rendering of the Forum scene from *Julius Caesar*, followed by the second act of the *Private Secretary* by Edwin Travers company, and the furnace act from *Master and Man*. The well known comedy abilities of Harry Rich and W. E. Ramsay were brought into requisition; Messrs. Malchlen and Currie did some interesting fencing; Mr. George Smedley did some clever work with his musical instruments, and Messrs. Ambrose, Campau and McGo'pin performed on the horizontal bar. The stage director was Bro. John Ambler, and the musical director was Bro. Will J. Obernier. The men responsible for the success were: officers J. Timpson, chairman; J. Ambler, treasurer; John Woodburn, secretary; the entertainment committee included those already mentioned and Bros. F. Ambler, Charles Fairhead, George Hubbert, Thomas Hutchison, Charles Legge, W. E. Meredith and James Mathers; the two latter gentlemen looked after the printing. The programme committee was composed of: Bros. John Ambler, John Gowan, W. E. Meredith and William J. Obernier. The silk souvenir programmes were beautiful. The Toronto Lodge, No. 11, numbers sixty-five members, and the benefit was an interesting and profitable one.

As this column tries to live up to its heading and the writer confesses his limited knowledge of the intricacies of variety song and dance, readers will have to go elsewhere for a criticism of O'Dowd's *Neighbors*. I might recommend them to the high-class daily which thought Keene vulgarly played to the "gods," but found the "operatic" comedy (save the mark!) a thing of delight. TOUCHSTONE.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

Rose Coghlan has introduced an innovation to the stage. It is carrying her own dressing-room. Her parts require her to change her costumes nine times each evening this season, and for that reason she has a dressing-room that is singularly well adapted to her use. It is made of white pine and canvas, carefully put together, and is carried in the regular way with other properties.

I have reason to believe that there is a good deal of foundation for the whisper that the next production at the Lyceum Theater will be *The School for Scandal*. Mr. Irving will play not Joseph Surface—a part which he once successfully essayed—but Sir Peter Teazle. Lady Teazle will, of course, be entrusted to Miss Ellen Terry. The revival in question will not, however, be necessary for many a long month to come.

*Appropos* of the production of *Lady Windermere's Fan*—for that is the title which Mr. Oscar Wilde has finally fixed upon for his new play at the St. James's—it may be worth noting that his *Salome* is to be produced at the Theater d'Art in Paris next month. It is in one act and in prose, a highly poetical dramatization of the story of John the Baptist. Mr. Wilde wrote in French from the beginning. It is very much admired by those who have read it, and the production of a French play of considerable literary pretensions is being eagerly looked forward to by artistic Paris.

Nat C. Goodwin writes: I have been accused of being a "burlesque actor," and the accusation was not made in a friendly spirit. Why should I be placed under that head, when in reality I have played but one burlesque part in my life—*Matthias* in *Those Bells*. I sincerely wish I had been more closely identified with burlesque, as the work is gratifying to a degree. But as the public does not understand burlesque, and as the authors will not write them, what are you going to do? Don't chide the poor player for ministering, as best he knows how, to the public's wants. And when you see an effort being made to advance dramatic art, don't condemn the effort by referring to the actor's method as "burlesque," for then you are paying him a great tribute.

Theatrical managers can well afford to pay expensive *devoirs* to our Royalty, says *Land and Water*. Royalty does so much for the stage. Business always improves after a royal visit. If a piece were a commercial failure and the Prince of Wales chose to visit it two successive nights, and call for the manager and compliment him—facts which would be telegraphed to and used by all the morning papers—it would instantly become remunerative for at least a fortnight. Intrinsically the royal favors are themselves rarely the source of immediate profit. The fixed charge is \$5 for a box. If ladies are coming, bouquets at a cost of two and even three guineas are placed in the box for each lady. The Duchess of Edinburgh, visiting a theater that could be named, and discovering a splendid nosegay on the ledge of the box, instantly sent for the manager, to ask if that was an extra, and, if so, to give him clearly to understand that on principle she only paid for what she ordered. Her Royal and Imperial Highness was speedily reassured, and she graciously allowed the flowers to remain. Sometimes, but very rarely, when the Prince telegraphs to say that he will want the Royal box that night, there is a difficulty with the man who has already engaged it. During Mrs. Wood's reign at the Court, an American who had secured the Prince's box absolutely refused to surrender it. The management had to telegraph to Marlborough House, "Some o' her time."

## Varsity Chat.

On Saturday night last through the kindness of a friend I occupied a good seat in the pit at the Grand and heard Keene in *Richard III.* During the evening a speech was cheered out of him, and I took pains to note his remarks about the boys as follows:

Gratifying as it is to me to say how I have been received through the length and breadth of the British possessions, yet to-day I experienced one of the brightest moments of my life. I will tell you the circumstance. I had left the theater and had returned to my hotel, when I

was waited upon by from one hundred to two hundred students of the Institute of Toronto. I faced those boys! (Laughter) I have been calm in the presence of audiences that numbered thousands, but those boys got the best of me. (Applause) I was so nervous that I could not command one sentence. However, I am in better form to-night. Is there any one of those boys here to-night? (Cheers which showed that the gang was in the gallery.) I have been a boy myself. As they stood in front of me I said to myself, "I am looking upon a future age—upon those who next century will be the citizens, the philosophers, the scientists, the physicians, the statesmen of this great country." (Loud applause.) And to-night I thought, judging from their performances, there might be some opera singers amongst them. (Loud laughter.) Well, I can only say with P. Chelieu, "I love the young." One thing more I will say, the boys sang to me the accompanying words of a toast I have heard all the way from England to California, for He's a Jolly Good Fellow. I hope I am "a jolly good fellow." (Cries of "You are.") Well, I trust that with a little more hard work in the near future I will be a jolly actor, too. (Applause.)

Keene must be pardoned for referring to our University as an institute, for I do not suppose there are over a dozen students who know that ours is the University of Toronto. There is no such institution as Toronto University.

Mr. C. A. Stuart, B.A., '91, now lectures on medieval history. He has just returned from Columbia College, New York, where he was pursuing a post graduate course.

A pinch of salt from life:  
Visitor—Who is that so nice and neat in his overcoat?  
Student—That is a fellow.  
Visitor—What is a fellow?  
Student—A fellow is a person who delivers many lectures.

Visitor (with sarcastic humor)—Does he lecture with the overcoat on?

The following are the newly elected officers of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society: Mr. H. R. Horne, B. A., president; Mr. James Wilson, B. A., vice-president; Mr. John R. Sinclair, B. A., critic; Mr. G. A. Wilson, B. A., recording secretary; Mr. James A. Mustard, B. A., corresponding secretary; Mr. A. Budge, secretary of committees; Messrs. P. Menzies, J. R. Wilson and T. Sinclair, councillors.

Mr. H. Rushton Fairclough, M. A., in his lecture Saturday last on *The Ancient and Modern Drama*, pointed out that *Antigone* had been presented by the students ten years ago. The boys of that time must have loved Greek more than we do now. The lecturer pointed out that owing to its history the Greek drama sharply distinguished tragedy and comedy, yet the blending of the sad and the ludicrous is occasionally found, especially in the transitional art of Euripides. The imaginative flights of Shakespeare, one of the most characteristic features of the romantic drama, found their parallel in the Greek lyric choruses. From the point of view of Mr. Theodore Watts, in his analysis of poetic genius, the highest kind of poetry, that in which the poet is in the literal sense of the word a creator, is poetry in which the poet's self vanishes and "the divinity has seized his soul." That sphere of poetry is the dramatic, and of the world's greatest poets those who possessed the purest and most absolute dramatic imagination were Aeschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare, of whom Shakespeare was indisputably the greatest.

Mr. A. T. Lang presided at the meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science this week, and a paper was read by Mr. S. G. Curry on *The Heating and Ventilating of Buildings*.

The medicals held their elections at the close of last week in the old building on Gerrard street east. It was a gay affair, for the occasion was the final meeting for the year, and the fun was fast and furious. Various dances were indulged in, songs were given and the piano was in frequent requisition. Dr. Ferguson, demonstrator of anatomy, has given a silver medal for the best essay from a fourth year man, and Mr. H. A. Bruce carried it off in the face of keen competition, by an exceedingly able essay on *Modern Methods in Intestinal Anastomosis*. Two excellent papers were read by Messrs. J. A. Wilson and C. E. Smythe. The officers elect are as follows: President, Dr. Wilberforce Atkins (by acclamation); first vice-president, Mr. F. Martin; second vice-president, Mr. C. E. Smythe; recording secretary, Mr. F. J. Ball; corresponding secretary, Mr. K. C. McIlwraith; treasurer, Mr. J. A. Williamson; curator, J. A. McArthur; councillors, Messrs. T. Blanchard, J. J. Williams, N. McKechnie, G. D. Porter.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright was at Home to the natural science students on Saturday evening last, and on Thursday Mrs. Ashley was at Home to the political science men.

The formal opening of the School of Practical Science last week was a great success. As a notice of the proceedings appears elsewhere in these columns, I will direct my attention to the students clad in "blue jeans," who at the end of the machinery &c., during the evening. The three testing machines, hundred ton, torsion, and fifty ton, were managed by Messrs. Goodwin, Alison, Laing, Laschinger, Fairchild and Prentice. The electrical apparatus, including batteries, dynamos, motors, etc., were in the charge of Messrs. Lea, White, Milne and Lush, '93. Messrs. Langley, '92, Fingland, '93, Keele, '93, and Ballantyne, '93, took charge of the element testing room. The system of water works appliances, including pumps, tanks, reservoirs, water-wheels, and dynamometer was managed by Messrs. Playfair, Smith, Ross, Mitchell, Thomson and Bucke, '93. Messrs. Anderson and McEate attended to the indicators of the engines. Besides those already mentioned, Messrs. Goldie, Robertson and Hanly, of the second year, managed the planers and lathes. JUNIOR.

His Belief Materialized.  
Omar Ibrahim had been thinking heavily. Plucking up courage he approached his master, Mahomet.  
"Right eye of the setting sun. Allah be with you," said he to the prophet. "I began an increase of salary of ten dollars and five dirhems."  
"Thou believest in the adage, 'Time is money!'" asked Mahomet.  
"Verily," answered Omar.  
"Then thou wast wrong two hours longer each day."

## Lent

For Saturday Night.

Adown the valley doth the streamlet flow,  
Swelled by the waters of the warm noonday;  
Now prisoned, now from ice it breaks away  
In dappled pools that in the sunset glow.  
The fidd grass peeps through the gilded snow;  
And on the hills, in shining malling steed,  
On Mother Nature's face, like scars half-healed,  
The raw, red bareness of the sand doth show.  
The wind thro' the eternal pine doth sigh,  
Whose mourning plumes are, at the valley's end,  
Clear limned in black against an orange sky;  
While over hill and farm and valley swells  
The solemn music of the Lenten bells,  
That with the streamlet's song their notes blend.  
H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

## At Dawn.

For Saturday Night.

The angel of gloom is withdrawing her sable-fringed robes  
from the night;  
The angel of dawn wide is scattering the pearl-glinted atoms  
of light;  
The red harvest moon sinks from labor on a cloud couch of  
sea-green and rose,  
While over the eastern summits the first flash of waking  
morn glows.  
Soft zephyrs flit light thro' the meadows arousing the  
grasses from sleep.  
From the glances of rough-eyed Phœbus, who doth from  
the hazy hills creep,  
The dew-drops shrink, shyly acquiescing, in the arms of the  
wakening flowers.  
The birds pour their opening chorus from the depths of  
their leafy green bowers.  
The mists from the east are arising and in brightness are  
melting away.  
All nature rejoices to welcome from Orient regions the  
day.  
A. L. McNAR.

## A Winter Roundel.

For Saturday Night.

Deep lies the snow where we met that day,  
Faint sounds the brook's muffled flow,  
In white wreaths where the violets lay,  
Deep lies the snow.  
Rest on the silent plain below,  
Peace in the twilight gathering gray,  
Ah! rest and peace love may not know.  
Winter winds the pine tops sway,  
Dinge for departed summer's glow,  
Over the love of yesterday  
Deep lies the snow. C. H.

## Sympathy.

For Saturday Night.

Take these briar-roses, pluck'd to-night  
Beside a gold-touched tarn, and though they faint  
With fragrance rich, or shed a sacred light  
Around your lips that kiss, think patient saint  
Not all of that, but of the symbol bright  
They are of sympathy. I might have given  
You damask buds, or roses with spiny leaves,  
Had not mine own heart, too, been wildly driven  
Across a rayless night; had not my soul  
Felt Hy's dead touch, and lost the earthly heaven  
When it was sweetest. Let my weary dove—  
My song—in minor measures blend with thine,  
While faintly our lives o'er us men's'ries toll,  
And all your sorrow mingle late mine.  
JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

## At a Symphony.

For Saturday Night.

Out of the rush and roar of the street,  
Out of the lashing, blinding sleet,  
As shivering travelers blithely fly  
Across a moorland, bleak and bare,  
To reach a lamp-lit portal, where  
A radiant hostess waits—so I  
Leap lightly through the rain and stand  
In the gleam and glow of Music Land.  
O sunlit world of harmony!  
O shapes that form and float and rise  
Athwart a golden luminous mist!  
No more the winter winds on me  
Their stinging lashes lay; for I  
By wind-sprites fair and fleet and free,  
I walked a shadow-dappled grass;  
My eyes are closed, yet still I see  
The dancers in their dizzy swirls,  
And here the care-free singers pass,  
And catch the eyes of laughing girls.

Vast armies come with jar of drum,  
Their noise a deep, symphonic hum,  
Lit by wild songs; while here and there  
Breaks out the trumpet's rosy flare.  
Now soft and low, and passion-strung,  
Are heard two voices at the gate,  
Where lovers part no fair and young;  
And she is pleading: "Wait, O, wait!"  
Her eyes are dusk, her arms are bare;  
His fierce plume mingles with her hair.

Now on the wind again there comes  
The stern, remorseless band of drums,  
Joined with the cymbals' clang and clare  
Of brass tremendous on the air;  
One last embrace, and from her side  
He leaps to join the merriment  
Of marching men, whose footfalls fall  
As trumpet's notes die in a wall  
Above the deep receding hum,  
And far, faint throbbing of the drum.

Again the dancers on the grass,  
Eternal youth, untouched by scars;  
Like flights of flowers their faces pass.  
The sunlight fades, and splendid bars  
Of light stream upward from the sun,  
Vast lacæ, gemmed with yellow stars.  
The waiters wait, the dance is done;  
Night falls across the fairy green,  
And wind and wood possess the scene!

O sacred, luminous Music Land;  
Within thy charmed boundaries  
No rule-wet, weary mortals stand,  
With numb cold heart and haggard eyes.  
Thy ways are only pictured wars,  
Thy very voice but eugenic;  
Thy stately heroes bear no scars,  
And silver songs thy maidens' cries;  
Would we might lose our way and stand  
Forever traced in Music Land!  
HAMLEN GARLAND.

Humiliation is a guest that only comes to those who have made ready his resting place and will give him a fair welcome. My father used to say to me, "Child, when you grow to womanhood, whether you be rich or poor, gentle or simple, as the balance of your life may turn for or against you, remember always this one thing—that no one can disgrace you save yourself. Dishonor is like the Aaron's Beard in the hedgerows, it can only poison if it be plucked." They call the bella donna Aaron's Beard in the country, you know; and it is true that the cattle, simple as they are, are never harmed by it; just because, though it is always in their path, they never stop and taste it. I think it may be so with us, with any sort of evil.—Ouida.

little work,

they always

strong at

thought I'd

have a reason

"Please

women are

mildly.

"Well, I

sister. She

month, but

talking for

because there

friends she

was afraid t

of her in som

got me, so

aren't afraid

he said kind

talking to m

had for our

think of it

trouble, and

nothing to s

tion. "Don't

"Well? Wh

paused and

are you laug

sister," I said

many men o

when they m

not been nic

wardness.

This gener

though I read

would ruin t

And on the h

ance came an

dental to the

already comm

episode of a

codicil, and

our city chie

read the paper

of the fact th

beyond the s

given by the r

loyally carry o

a rose of sug

scoffer, and g

friends, and th

than will ever

I am contin

ents to give

make a little

woman corre

way in which

ingenuity mak

He has a mon

patented, so

be worked f

funny! His

"Charles R

gales, for g

appears that

during the sun

ian *bourgeois*

of garden giv

Richon takes

pomegranate

bles, such heav

those of the far

of China are po

A funny litt

helmina of the

had forgotten t

governance, and

Majesty, as a p

a map of Europ

the small poten

her feeling was

When the map

the Netherland

great magnitud

land was repres



## Between You and Me.



OMEN are such cowards," said a contemptuous man to me one day lately, as we trudged up town. "They are afraid of each other and afraid of a

little work, and as for pain, see what a fuss they always make over it." He was big and strong and, it seemed to me, stupid, but I thought I'd draw him out, because he might have a reason for being so far at sea about us. "Please tell me what makes you think women are afraid of each other?" I asked very mildly.

"Well, I know they are. There's my married sister. She wanted to give a party for me this month, but after worrying and making lists and talking for two whole days she gave up the idea because there are so many strangers visiting our friends she hadn't room for our circle, and she was afraid those she omitted would take it out of her in some way." "Ah," I knew he had got me, but I tried again. "Well, women aren't afraid of work, anyway." "You aren't," he said kindly; "but most of them are. I was talking to my sister about some new scheme I had for our club, and she just said, 'Don't think of it. I could never take all that trouble,' and she hasn't a thing to do." I had nothing to say, but changed to my last question. "Don't you think they bear pain well?" "Well? Why, last week my sister—" He paused and I caught me grinning. "Now, what are you laughing at?" "At you and your sister," I said explosively, and I wondered how many men of my acquaintance rail at women when they mean one particular sex, who has not been nice to their weakness or their waywardness.

This generation is not entirely money-mad, though I read not long since that a large legacy would ruin the principles of the best of men. And on the heels of this pessimistic deliverance came an experience which gave its flat denial to the ill-placed slur. As it has been already commented on in the public press, the episode of a rich man's death, an unsigned codicil, and numerous unsecured legacies to our city charities is familiar to the people who read the papers, but the beautiful illustration of the fact that legacies may have principles beyond the swaying of self-interest, which is given by the rich man's heirs, in their desire to loyally carry out his unfinished codicil, has put a dose of sugar in the cup of many a bitter scuffer, and given one a greater faith in one's friends, and thereby, I ween, done more good than will even the bequeathed gold.

I am continually being asked by correspondents to give them a hint as to how they can make a little pocket money (that is, girl or woman correspondents). Here is a funny way in which a Parisian of truly French ingenuity makes quite a nice little income. He has a monopoly just now but the idea isn't patented, so far as I know, and might be worked for afternoon teas. Isn't it funny? His business card reads thus: "Charles Richon, imitator of nightingales, for gardens and restaurants." It appears that this artist is fully employed during the summer months. If the good Parisian bourgeois who owns a dozen square yards of garden gives a "garden party," Charles Richon takes his stand behind flower-pots or pomegranate tubs and thence produces warbles, such heavenly sounds, compared to which those of the famous nightingale of the Emperor of China are poor music indeed.

A funny little maid is small Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The other day she had forgotten to study a lesson for her English governess, and the stern teacher gave her little Majesty, as a punishment, the task of drawing a map of Europe. Angry and rebellious was the small potentate, and her way of expressing her feeling was so cute that it made me laugh. When the map was handed in for inspection the Netherlands proved to be a country of great magnitude and importance, while England was represented by as minute a dot as the pen would make!

There might possibly be a parson who would read this column in a moment of absence of mind, and the following directions as to how to preach a sermon may be useful to him. They were spoken by an eminent Nonconformist minister, the late Dr. Litchfield, and are as follows:

Begin low;  
Proceed slowly;  
Rise higher;  
Take fire;  
When most impressed  
Be self-possessed;  
To spirit wed form,  
Sit down in a storm.

The last line would have to be adapted to the practice of our English parsons who don't sit down—but the rest isn't bad.

It is a truth that when people do wrong they should be punished, just as surely as that when people do wrong they are punished. But sometimes they seem to get more than their share. I have been thinking this as I read over the English papers, with the long accounts and illustrations of the punishment of Mrs. Osborne for stealing her friend, Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. The weeks of torture and shame and exposure seem to be enough without the penal servitude. However, Mrs. Osborne has one jewel which she did not steal and which she could not buy, but which is worth more than all of Mrs. Hargreave's pearls, and that is a jewel of a husband. I have a sincere admiration for the quiet gentleman who has shown true love and immense grit in all this trying time, and who resents even the admiration his conduct evokes, with the remark that he has only done what any man would do. Captain Osborne has shown more courage and self-control and loyalty than he knows, and sad as is the occasion which called it forth, his conduct will do more to ennoble the men who watched him than will ever be known.

LADY GAY.

## Individualities.

Ethel Mackenzie McKenna, Sir Morell Mackenzie's daughter, has a good reputation as a newspaper correspondent.

Thomas Nash, the cartoonist, is fond of horse back exercise, and may be frequently seen riding in the vicinity of his home at Morristown.

The founder of San Francisco, Jacob Primer Lees, died in a hospital in that city a few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-two. He had lost the large fortune he once made.

At an auction held last week in Boston, Poe's copy of *The Bells* sold for \$230 and \$55 was given for a gold locket containing a lock of Poe's hair entwined with one of his wife's.

One of the drawbacks connected with Queen Victoria's lofty station is the law that forbids her reading documents or receiving any letters except from her own family, until they have been scrutinized by the person in charge of the royal correspondence.

Lord Tennyson is said to be an inveterate novel reader, and when he becomes absorbed in an especially interesting story at night it is often difficult to persuade him to leave it to go to bed. He does not rise early, and breakfasts in his bedroom, taking a couple of hours' stroll afterwards before his lunch. He continues to be devoted to his pipe.

It is not generally known that the author of the famous fable, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," is Mrs. Julia A. Carney of Galesburg, Illinois. She was Miss Julia A. Fletcher of Boston fifty years ago, when she wrote the verses. They attained an instant popularity, but Mrs. Carney's connection with them has never been well known.

H. Rider Haggard divides his time and attention between his literary work and the duties of his farm. He usually gives the morning to the latter, and rarely begins his writing before four o'clock in the afternoon. He writes until dinner-time, and gives an hour or two of the evening to the same work, and even with this he usually produces three or four thousand words a day. He declares that he can complete an important work in six months.

Miss Angelina Brooks, whose knowledge of kindergarten methods has rendered her an authority in that line, has been making a study of the curb-stone children of New York. She finds that there are 141,000 boys and girls between the ages of four and six years who spend their lives in the streets of New York and never see the inside of a school. Miss Brooks is making every effort to kindle an interest in these waifs that will result in the establishment for them of free kindergarten schools.

The head of the railway department in Hungary wished to satisfy himself of the efficiency of the ready relief societies at Buda Pesth. He sent a telegram to the post capital announcing a railway collision one hundred miles away, with a number of deaths and thirty seriously wounded. A minute before 2 p.m. the despatch was received. At 2.10 the central station of the "Ready Relief for the Wounded" had the news. At 2.20 their first ambulance, with dressings and nurses, was at the depot and taken on a special train. At 2.30 seven of their ambulances, with fifty "ready relief" people, bandages, stretchers and medicines, were taken away by the second special train. All of this was in thirty-one minutes.

The old apothegms that "hard work is happiness," and "genius is only continued patience," find an interesting verification in the career of Pasteur, the great French chemist. "In his youth he is said to have risen at four o'clock in the morning to go to his laboratory, where he was accustomed to remain, with but few interruptions, until nine at night. The story that tells how he was found in his laboratory when due at the altar to marry the rector's daughter, at Strasburg, is well known. Now, at sixty-five, he still labors over his experiments with unremitting eagerness, and with all the fine enthusiasm of youth. He has found it necessary, in his search for microbes, to gather a veritable menagerie of the smaller animals—rabbits, guinea-pigs, monkeys and dogs—about him.

In an unpretentious little flat, charmingly decorated, on East Forty-third street, New York, Lillian Russell has her *pie'd a terre*. Her drawing room, decorated in white and gold, is a confused mass of prettiness. Soft hangings of salmon pink and blue brocade silk drape the doorway by which you enter the little *salon*. Here the carpets, the curtains, and the numberless cushions enter into the same scheme of coloring. Dresden statuettes and candelabra decorate the mantelpiece, covered with white silk embroidered with gold. White and gold are the frames, too, of the water colors that adorn the walls; so is the Louis XV. writing-table, with the cabinet on the top of it filled with bric-a-brac, and the piano that stands in an alcove. A screen of old French tapestry separates from the *salon* the fair singer's bedroom, which is furnished in light oak, and beyond that a charming little dressing-room. Both these are hung with draperies of a delicate hue.

The late Duke of Devonshire was a man of old-fashioned ideas, and to his dying day was never able to comprehend the following incident that happened to him. One day a stranger called at Chatsworth, whose card was engraved "Colonel —," and who declined to state his business save to the duke in person. The duke had him sent up to his library, and bowed low when his visitor entered. Then he motioned the mysterious visitor to a chair, an invitation which the colonel did not accept. In fact, he stood bolt upright, and silently scrutinized the duke from head to foot. The strange behavior of the man began to grow embarrassing, and the duke was at last compelled to ask him to state his business. To this query the colonel replied by begging to be allowed to shake the duke by the hand, a request that was readily granted. Then he exclaimed: "Thank you, I feel extremely obliged to you. I have traveled some hundreds of miles to see a real live English duke, but I never expected to be allowed the privilege of shaking one by the hand. Thank you so much. If ever you should be in Arkansas, I trust you will allow me to again enjoy your society." Then he took up his hat and departed, leaving a bewildered duke and an awe-stricken household behind him.

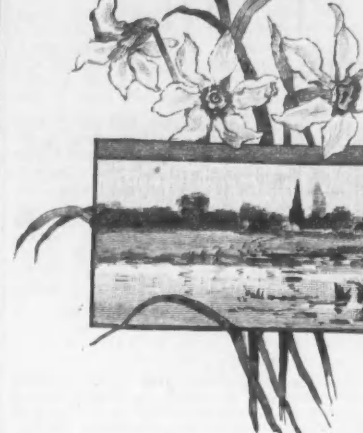
## New Orleans During Mardi Gras.



OUR few sights are more interesting to a Torontonion than that afforded by New Orleans during the gay and festive season of Mardi Gras. The marked contrast in temperature alone proves a source of pleasure. Leaving Toronto in the midst of a blustering storm in February, one awakens the third morning after in a flood of sunshine and light, in the land of roses and fir trees, of vine and olives, of pomegranates and oranges. Nor does the change seem gradual, as it really is. The transition from winter to summer appears as the result of a wave of a fairy's wand. The country through which we pass is full of interest. Down through quaint Kentucky, with its sterile ground and moss-covered trees, on past its picturesque station houses with their invariable crowd of idle loungers, the usual complement of "colo'd folks" and the same ponies with Mexican saddles hitched to the post in the distance. Any one who has read Colonel Carter of Cartersville, or Nelson Page's sketches, or Ope P. Read's popular Kentucky Colonel, will recognize in the motley surroundings of a southern railway station the different characters that these and other writers have drawn so true to life. Still the train speeds on through Tennessee, where the mighty Father of Rivers comes into view with its flat-bottomed boats and marshy banks! Perhaps none but those who have viewed these same uncertain banks can fully realize the extent of mischief of which this cruel Father is capable, when in the spring floods these marshy dykes prove slight protection against the mighty torrents that rush upon them, and frequently—as has been the writer's experience—there is the necessity to use a steamer, scow or "dog-out" to take the place of train and cart, to carry mails and provisions to those whose land is entirely under water, and it is no uncommon thing for these boats to pass between house and stable, over fences, and over corn-stalks and cotton plant, which a few months before were the greatest source of wealth to these regions. Nor is there any change in the surroundings till the low, marshy ground gives way to the wide expanse of Lake Pontchartrain, dotted here and there with dainty craft and pretty sail, and shortly after one enters the most interesting city on the continent, whether judged from an artistic, historical or picturesque standpoint.

First, one notices over every house and over every gateway roses of every color and variety, climbing and clustering till each street seems a triumphal arch. From every garden there rises magnolia and catalpa trees, while daffodils and jonquils nod their little heads, welcoming one to this strange new land. By this time one is fairly launched in this city of surprise and prepared for the marvelous that is said to surround Mardi Gras. But no amount of preparation can reconcile one to the weird and uncanny sights that meet the eye on every hand. Whence comes this little demon; this white-winged seraph; this knight, armed cap-a-pie; this clown, like a character from Shakespeare, who doffs his cap to the stately maiden, or the sober senator? With all the haste possible a stand is taken from which to view the grand procession which parades the streets with Rex, the King of the Carnival and his courtiers, mounted on cars or floats, richly adorned and decorated to represent some special character, which it is the King's good pleasure to suggest. One year is represented the Ancient Heroes; another, Elfe of the Sea and Mountain; another, the Roman deities, and so on, each season something fresh and inviting. It is no wonder their monarch is so popular, for his one thought is that his subjects may have unlimited pleasure while he reigns. Therefore as he parades, his rich train being drawn with eighteen matchless steeds, he dispenses with a right royal hand his princely favors of bon-bons and flowers, to the smiling maiden who stands ready to receive his bounties. After Rex has made this parade he repairs to the ball-room, where the real fun of the day begins, the masks and preserving incognito, which many a belle endeavors in vain to penetrate. Woe betide the masker who reveals his identity. Rex's court martial deals severely with him. The room now presents an appearance impossible to describe. Rex and his Queen seated upon their throne receive the homage of the assembly, and before them it is no unusual sight to find an angel dancing with satan himself, and Apollo dancing for his partner the stately Cleopatra, and even Diana succumbs to the fascinations of Bacchus. So amid music and laughter this scene is continued till one by one the revelers retire, leaving naught but the shadows, a dainty bit of lace, a lost jewel or perchance a faded flower much prized by a lover, to remind one of the frolic of the night.

After a day's rest begins the delightful task of sight-seeing, and where to go first puzzles one, but the cemeteries, whether by way of contrast from the life before we know not, but certain it is that the cemeteries are first visited on account of their unique character. New Orleans being situated amid such marshy ground, has but three feet of dry land to stand upon, consequently in digging that depth and coming upon water, the usual method of disposing of the dead is denied the citizens of the Crescent City, so marble and stone sarcophagi or vaults are built, into which the dead are placed. Each society and family have their own particular depository, and not the least interesting of these was the resting-place of Mr. Jefferson Davis, before whose tomb a sentry keeps guard day and night. There, surrounded by countless wreaths and sad memorials, lies the man at whose bidding so many lives were lost. Another day was spent at Beauvoir, the home of the widow and daughter of Mr. Davis. Too much cannot be said of the beauty of this typical Southern home, surrounded by wide piazzas, over which roses climb as abundantly as our grass grows, with French windows opening to every room. Here the widow and



The Old Abbey.

For Saturday Night.

Green, girl'd with gardens of beauty,  
Sweet-scented with many a flower,  
It stands in its pride, the old abbey,  
Romantic with turret and tower.

Like ivy wreaths clinging and climbing,  
Afar up its turrets so gray,  
My thoughts ever wander repining  
The livelong, wearisome day.

The sunbeams may slant through the lattice,  
To light up the gold of her hair,  
While brush they, with zephyrs, her ringlets,  
But I may not worship her there.

Their twittering medleys of music  
Birds at her casement may sing;  
But who the sad strains of love's sorrow  
From mine to her bosom will bring?

"daughter of the Confederacy" spend much of their time, the former devoting many hours to the publication of *The Life of My Beloved Husband*.

There is a visit to the French opera in store for the music-lovers, and nowhere but in Europe is the opera so popular as in this half-French, half-English city. The building itself, a copy of the Grand in Paris, with its rows of boxes filled with creole and fair beauties, presents a sight never to be forgotten. Then the champagne in the foyer *entres acts* adds another Parisian likeness to the whole.

The New Orleans people point with pride to their statue of General Jackson, the hero of the battle of New Orleans, fought during the war of 1812. To them that battle was the all-important one of the campaign, and they smile at your attempt to exalt the significance of Queenston Heights.

A visit to the French market is next in order. To be *comme il faut* one must take breakfast there on Sunday morning—the earlier the better. The conglomeration of Italians, Spaniards, Negroes, fish, fowl and vegetables, strawberries, bananas and pineapples, coffee, rolls and bouillon satisfies the stranger that he has indeed seen the renowned French market. In order to complete the picture one has only to cross the street to the old church, where amid the cackle of hens and quack of ducks, the priest mumbling the early mass, or the old negress muttering o'er her beads, while the morning dew struggles to lighten the quaint old building, is presented a picture impossible of reproduction anywhere outside of New Orleans.

C. WELLAND MERRITT.

## The Defunct Dancer.

The dancing man is going out, says a writer in the *London World*. Not of him can it be said that "they buried him darkly at dead of night, with his martial cloak around him," for no distinguished death has closed his colorless career. Yet none the less does the practical extinction of that deteriorated species, The Dancing Man, proclaim itself more clearly as season succeeds season. Balls which should be smart are only stupid, being crowded by beardless boys, sent out per the dozen by some society caterer to dance with distressed damsels, for whom balls and partners are still regarded as necessities by old-fashioned parents and guardians, who fail to grasp the fact that Terpsichore's triumphs are past—at least in ball-rooms—and that, although men may still walk or talk themselves into matrimony, a good match is scarcely ever waltzed into.

When a man is sufficiently well off to amuse himself, he very quickly learns how to do it, and eschewing the treadmill round trodden by society's slaves, selects only such pleasures as will please him, among which a ball is rarely reckoned. Nor is this to be wondered at. It is true that men are generally gregarious, but a hot and crowded room is by no means the best place imaginable for conversation; and, since "the right sort of men" (as mothers mentally appraise those who are *bons parties*) have no difficulty whatsoever in seeing their friends in far more comfortable fashion, ball-rooms are being rapidly abandoned by them and given over to "the wrong sort of man"—a type which is already over-represented.

The days when the best ball-rooms, properly so called, could show a galaxy of gallants are gone, and even the memory of them will soon be smothered by the dust of forgetfulness, which accumulates so fast that we find it vastly difficult to penetrate it far enough to realize that time was when lovely damsels had but to be seen at a country ball to be at once sought out by somebody of large means and lofty lineage, who, treading a measure, made his first step in a courtship which, speedily followed up, soon reached its climax in matrimony. In those days, too, how often a ball-room meeting led to Gretna Green! But these things are buried in oblivion, and recollections and reminiscences of the defunct dancer of our own day are being rapidly heaped above them. For we, too, have had our dancers.

The sturdy country squire, who waltzed and polka'd, danced squares with dowagers, and wound up with Sir Roger de Coverley at every ball in their county, did not perhaps often adventure themselves among the dangers of the dance in crowded London rooms. But a few seasons ago there were plenty of smart young men in the ranks of dancers. Many of these, with a square or two to "sit out," and the society which provided them. Whyte-Melville has said that no girl really cares for dancing for dancing's sake who has passed her first season; but I think in this he was wrong, and feel confident that many young ladies could be found who have left that first probation (supposed to be pleasant, and often found so disappointing) behind them, and who yet revel in a good waltz with a good partner, deterred by no speculations as to his poverty or prospects.

Indeed, I have known a well-born damsel at a county ball, when remonstrated with by relatives as to the "undesirables" she had been dancing with, reply, as if no further extenuation could be required, "But I did not talk to them; so what did it matter? And they danced very well." Now, however, so city has become so overgrown, and so ungovernable that it is difficult indeed to take one's pleasures soberly, and a just horror of crowds deters many men who still retain some

When sunset's soft crimson comes creeping,  
And twilight's calm reveries reign,  
She chants, when the bells have ceased pealing,  
Sweet vespers, so pensive in strain.

'Tis then, as I listen and listen,  
Faint, faint as an echo, there comes  
The sweet, sad sounds of her singing  
Trembling out through the chorus of nuns.

And thus as the dreary days pass me,  
And thus, as the slow years slip by,  
I haunt the old abbey and listen—  
Ah well, let's thank God, there's the key!

You mansions of pearl in His heaven,  
Far fairer, far brighter than stars,  
Have portals whose glorious panels  
Boast neither bolts, padlocks, nor bars.

ERNEST E. LEIGH

pleasure in the diversions of the dance from appearing in ball-rooms; thus the latter have their floors filled by foolish youths, whose only aim in life is to be smart, and who think to work their way thereto by dancing with distinguished damsels, who, unsought by those in their own sphere, are constrained to accept the attentions of these beardless boys.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, and there yet remain hostesses whose balls can show *creme de la creme* of both sexes. But, generally speaking, modern men are lazy, and, having studied the art of enjoyment without fatigue, they discard dancing as fatigue without enjoyment, agreeing with the gentleman in *Punch* who declined to waltz, but declared that he should be most happy to sit on a sofa (secluded, let us hope), with his arm round a lady's waist!

To be overdone appears to be the lot of every sport and pastime, and as society stretches and grows, gathering fresh families and faces into its once aristocratic arms, the manner in which dancers jostle each other makes their ultimate failure certain. The wear and tear of rushing from one ball to another, only to find that you have missed your favorite partners at each, is too much for male flesh and blood; and although women still struggle through the daily round, making a penance of pleasures, men simply say it is "not good enough," and only go where they are sure of meeting people they care to see and therefore have a fair chance of enjoying themselves. Who shall say that they are not right? And although we may make moan over his extinction, we are forced to admit that, even could he be resuscitated, there is small place in the society of to-day for the exquisite energy of the defunct dancer.

## Almost as Bad.



First Detective—That man is a bomb thrower or I never see one.  
Second Detective—He looks very suspicious. Come on, we will follow him.



First Detective—Look out! He is getting something out of his satchel and it looks like a—



Supposed Bomb Thrower—Allow me, gentlemen, to present you with a sample of Wingate's corn cure and pimple eradicator.

## Not to be Bluffed.

Little Frances had two apples. One was a very large one, and the other was decidedly small.

One of them she was to give to her papa, and the other was to be for herself. As Frances is but four years old, her mamma tried to inculcate in her young mind the Golden Rule, and to induce Frances to guide her actions by its teaching.

In this case Frances manifested an intention to give her papa the smaller apple, when her mamma said to her:

"Now, Frances, you know the Golden Rule, don't you?"

"Yes, m," replied the tot: "do to others what you'd have others do to you."

"Just so," said mamma. "Now, if papa had those two apples, which would you like him to give to you?"

"Dis," replied Frances promptly, holding out at arm's length the small apple, and keeping the other snug up to her bosom.







## Crinkleback's Canoe.

(Written for Saturday Night by Peggy Webling)

The river deep and still,  
The maple-mantled hill,  
The little yellow boat on which we lie,  
The puffs of heated breath,  
All sweetly whisper these  
Are days that only come in a Canadian July.

I shall never forget Crinkleback's canoe! It was one of the most wonderful and unexpected phenomena of the nineteenth century! We always expected something wonderful from Crinkleback; it is rather strange for me—a girl—to call my Cousin Crinkleback simply "Crinkleback," but I do it because all the outside world does it; in the home circle he is known as "Fred," and he answers to "Crink," or any name you say in a particularly hearty voice! He is a fine, energetic, never-to-be-perturbed, I'll-hit-the-right-nail-on-the-head, mechanical genius, with plenty of pluck, the sunniest temper that ever directed a practical head and cunning fingers, and an indefatigable worker. I believe Crinkleback has attempted everything that can be attempted. In his boyhood he added to his income by carpentering about the house, I have seen the bills myself that he presented to his own mother, with such items as these set forth:

For putting in glass window I broke Saturday... 10s.  
For making door shut what wouldn't... 8s.

and so on; all the bills being signed "F. Crinkleback per F. C." And as years advanced he spent all his old time in endeavoring to perfect numberless inventions; but somehow Crinkleback was always unlucky. I recollect his first great appliance for heating his father's office with a wonderful steam boiler. He slaved at it day and night; his admiring family gave him assistance; he even put it up himself; he started it triumphantly; he left his father at ten o'clock one morning in a delightful sort of Turkish bath, and at four that afternoon the devoted old gentleman was rescued with difficulty from imminent suffocation, and the cause of Crinkleback's burst boiler could be found in all quarters of the city! But do you think that daunted him? No indeed; that same evening he commenced to make plans for a child's tricycle to be run (like the heating apparatus) by steam; and he successfully finished the tricycle, too; and it nearly sent his little brother over to the great majority also, but he was very proud of it for all that!

But these two capital inventions were mere trifles compared to the canoe—that was a masterpiece! It was fearfully and wonderfully made; it was built on a very simple plan, every body said, and our Canadian friend, strong, unpolished, generous Harry "Canuck" expressed his approval in the highest slang in his vocabulary! How well I remember his words, although it is two—nearly three—years ago since I heard them, when five of us, the best comrades in the world, were discussing canoeing on the banks of a Canadian river. It was a glorious afternoon in the beginning of July, the sky an unclouded blue, and the mellow notes of many birds mingled with the rustling of maples and murmur of the birch trees to the water's edge, while the sun shone down upon the sandy little beach and we five reclined on the bank amongst the grasses and ferns, our shady hats drawn over our eyes and the little whispering breezes just stirring the wild flowers about our heads. In England, by the way, we had a deal about Canadian winters, but little of Canadian summers; much of the frost and snow, little of the heat and brilliance; much of the jingle of sleigh bells and dangerous delights of tobogganing, little of the long summer days and the joys of canoeing; such days as when we five—Crinkleback and I, and Harry "Canuck," and Emanuel, the Cambridge man—passed happy hours before Fred invented his own canoe and we were contented to paddle along in the good old way. You see, we might never have a summer all together again. It was only on a visit to Canada for a year, Emanuel and the same Harry Canuck, after a few weeks' holiday, had to rush back to business in the States. Mohawk, our Indian girl—what would I not give to see you again!—with the winds tossing your dark hair, and your own Canadian scenes reflected in your blue eyes. And you, Fred, a bank clerk, and liable at any minute to be ordered off to the other side of the continent perhaps.

This was in the mind of Emanuel (so called because he was an undergraduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge), then he said the words on the particular afternoon in question, to Fred: "You must hurry up, Crinkleback; the summer is getting on, and I rather think you have set yourself a heavy task."

"Let me see," said Mohawk, lying at full length like a true Indian after the hunt and feast—we had just had tea—it is the 3rd July, and it will take you a month anyway to make your canoe."

"More!" put in Harry Canuck, finishing the marmalade with a fork and a pocketknife. "Never mind what Mohawk says, you can't work faster than you can. Just my luck, I found you (this last to the pocketknife, which has slipped into the marmalade bottle)."

"Yes, I can," said Crinkleback. "I have heaps of time you know, and as I think of it my plan develops itself. The central idea is this—"

"Crink has the floor," muttered Harry. "Order! Order!"

"Is this," continued Crinkleback, "I shall have a strong paddle of red cedar, about seven to eight feet in length. Yes, my dear Mohawk, it must be in length. It will be attached to a light wooden wheel, and the axle will be a diameter. Over this wheel will be drawn a cord, also attached to the top of the paddle. This cord passes from the stern to the bow, where it is connected with a small steam boiler—"

"Also useful for cooking," said Harry Canuck in parenthesis.

"Let me see," said Crinkleback, "where was I?"

"Sitting on the boiler, old man," said Emanuel.

"Yes, the boiler. Well, this boiler, by means of a steam appliance of my own invention, will work the paddle, guided by a small handle held by the man in the bow, who can smoke, read or do anything he pleases, the whole contrivance being at once so simple and so practicable. Do you all follow me?"

I think our feelings were well expressed by a howl of derision from Flip, Crinkleback's small white terrier.

"It strikes me the animal has hit public opinion, Crinkleback. I should say it could not be done—it's scarcely possible. Great Scott! it's so new-fangled, you know," said Emanuel, protesting against anything new like a staunch Briton, in the true tone (it is not an accent, much less a twang) it is a tone that all English University men possess.

"You can but try, Fred. I don't like the notion of a steam paddle myself on the white river, but still I won't go back on the White Man's invention," said Mohawk graciously.

"Do try, Fred," I exclaimed. "It must be all right on smooth water, and as for the rapids—well, you can always wade, you know!"

"Oh! it's a grand scheme!" continued Mohawk. "You can carry all the gear when you go camping and all the baskets, but what about portaging—couldn't your cute little boiler do that too?"

Here Flip interrupted by barking at Harry Canuck.

"Don't throw birch bark at him, Harry, please," I protested. "Pretty fellow! poor dog!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Harry. "Crink's dog pretty! That's a trifle tough, my dear little girl. You take care to keep your dog away from your canoe, old boy, or he'll stop the boiler."

"Look!" said Crinkleback, rapidly making sketches in his note-book. "Here's a design for the paddle—see! Here we have the small flr, boiler, and reserve coal supply—"

"Looks like a soup tureen, doesn't it?" said Emanuel.

"Won't it draw too much water and be fearfully heavy?"

"I think not," replied Crinkleback. "Just consider the rate at which we shall be able to travel!"

"The City of Paris won't be in it," said Harry. "It's a great scheme, if the rotten old machine doesn't blow up!"

"No fear of that," said Crinkleback, the evening sun light and the enthusiasm together making his honest tanned face quite handsome. "No fear of that. You have your steam apparatus perfectly under control, you hold the handle, the paddle moves at the desired rate, you steer by means of another cord (only necessary now and then) that shifts the wheel above the paddle, you clear the waters evenly and forcibly; wishing to stop, you simply slacken your cord, turn off your steam and dart ashore! Imagine the ease, the comfort, the saving of labor; it's grand to contemplate. I shall sell the patent for America and the Old Country; by Jove, I shall, and leave the bank!"

We all cheered and clapped our hands; then we packed our baskets while the boys were preparing the canoes for our homeward trip. Mohawk and I stood on the bank looking out over the river to the quietly stirring maples, black against the glowing warmth of the sky. Then we were ready, and we paddled away in the stillness, while the gay voices of the others came back faintly to Emanuel and me as we glided slowly through the water listening to the myriad insects, watching the sparkle of fire-flies on the bank, and talking of something even more enthralling—even more delightful—than Crinkleback's canoe. Oh, happy Canadian days! I float back to them once again. I see in the widening circle of the dropping water a glory spread about me and I see in Emanuel's eyes, as we drift along, a look that is more than words—quietly, joyously as we drift along towards the brightness of the evening sun!

"Where is Crinkleback? That's the question. Where is Crinkleback?"

It was the end of August, deeper blue was in the water and the sky, and we four were all together in the boat-house again for an afternoon on the river, Harry "Canuck" whistling, pretty Mohawk packing our lunch baskets with great care and the Cambridge man and I on the look out for my mechanical genius of a cousin.

"He must have been made manager of the bank, and gone to Europe," said Emanuel.

"Is that so?" said Harry. "Well, I guess he's failed to accomplish his wonderful canoe."

"Oh, no!" broke in Mohawk's musical voice, "Crinkleback and Flip are coming now—only look!"

Yes, along came Crinkleback driving, accompanied by a friend to take the buggy back, with Flip rushing like a mad dog behind, and very little of his master to be seen behind an enormous paddle, yards of cord on his knees, the boiler and "the small supply of coal" between his feet.

"Here I am!" shouted Crinkleback. "How are you all? Everything fine—it's a grand success—the paddle working over a hair last night—it's under perfect control—wonderful! Here, Emanuel, take the boiler—mind the dog! Give us a hand, Harry, there's a good fellow," then Crinkleback and all his apparatus tumbled out of the buggy at once. He refused any help, saying everything was simply his own work, and he could manage quite well by himself, while Flip capered about, so we launched our canoes and paddled a little way out to give Crinkleback plenty of room to start. First he got his boat in the water, then Flip had to be hauled out of it by the scruff of his neck, then Crinkleback got himself tangled up in the cords, then he had to light his little fire, burn his fingers and executed a sort of war dance round the boat-house.

"Poor fellow!" Mohawk cried.

"Galoot!" Harry exclaimed.

"Oh! I'm tired of waiting," said Emanuel. "I propose that we go on, while you two wait for Fred."

"No," said Harry. "I guess we'll go on. Say! Crink, we're going on old man, good-bye. See you at the usual place for tea when you've got your machinery in order. And we'll be off, Mohawk leading, Emanuel and I as usual lingering behind until we reached 'the usual place,' where our former discussion on the steam-propelled canoe had been held, and we all landed, ran up the bank, unpacked our baskets and rested beneath the grand old maples, a slight change of color in their leaves now, and the ground bright with patches of golden-red. It was delicious. Mohawk, with her scarlet tam o' shanter pulled over her brows, reclined gracefully, Emanuel threw himself at my feet, and I rested against a birch tree, closed my eyes, and soon fell from a reverie into a dream. Suddenly I awakened with a start, we all sprang forward, for Harry's excited voice came ringing up from the little yellow beach below.

"Say! Mohawk! Emanuel! All of you! Come down, come down! Here's Crinkleback along like an express train, by gum! here's Crinkleback!"

Mohawk was already by his side. Emanuel gave me a hand, we scrambled down the bank as quickly as we could, and eagerly looked along the river, where Harry pointed to a dark object almost hidden by spray that was simply ten feet along—yes, it was Crinkleback, we could see him plainly sitting in the bow, hanging on to the cord with both hands, his dog yelping and barking between the middle thwarts, steam issuing from his boiler in clouds, and his gigantic paddle ploughing the water like the screw of an Atlantic liner.

"He said it would be under perfect control, I'm sure it isn't!" said Emanuel excitedly.

"Poor old Fred!" cried Mohawk. "Oh, how it bumps on the stones!"

"He'll be smashed to pieces!" I cried. "I know he will—oh, and the dog too!"

Nearer and nearer came the canoe, splashing and bumping, the stern quite out of the water, and Crinkleback yelled to us from the bow, "It's grand, but it won't stop!"

"You'll be killed, Crinkleback!" we all shouted back. "Jump, Crinkleback!" and the whole river rang to the words. "Jump, Crinkleback!" There was a pause, a splash, an explosion, and Crinkleback jumped!

We saw him five minutes after, calmly sitting in the shallow water, with rather a faint smile on his countenance, the letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

amined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of sketches and asking our opinion of a capital invention he had in prospect, involving, as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel, the letter ended, 'do you remember my canoe? Don't you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river, farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we examined the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long, car-shaped piece of wood! 'It's a flying machine,' said Mohawk; but a different idea was dawning upon me. 'Crink,' said Harry Canuck, 'just look at this! And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skeleton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you can draw your own conclusions. We didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting monument of something that might have revolutionized the bearing of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler may come in handy to me any day. Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE."

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

</







## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Richard Cassels, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Charles Lindsay, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. James O'Brien and Mrs. J. K. McDonald.

The last week of merry-making before Lent is always a busy one, and the week just past has proved no exception. On Thursday afternoon a number of teas were given. Mrs. Stanley Clark gave a charming one, which attracted a number of fashionable people, among whom I noticed the Misses Morgan, the Misses Arthurs, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Pyke and many others. Mrs. Charles Ritchie gave a like function at her residence, Avenue road, on the same afternoon. A number of her lady friends accepted her delightful hospitality. Mrs. Ross Robertson also invited her friends to afternoon tea, and quite a number responded to her invitation. I had scarcely time to more than look in, but I found a lovely breathing place in the cool, dimly lit and fragrant dining-room, where a shaded lamp shone over clumps of hyacinths, ferns and all sorts of pretty things in the floral way. Refreshments were served in the library upstairs, where a large number of friends exchanged ideas and waited on each other. Mrs. Robertson's exquisite tea gown of Japanese embroidery on pale blue silk and cream *crepe de chine* was much admired by many a connoisseur in beautiful things.

Mrs. Merritt gave a theater party last week to see the play of Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman.

Mrs. Columbus Greene gave a small tea at her residence, St. George street, last Tuesday.

Mrs. Fairclough gave a very pleasant tea on Monday last.

Mrs. Wickham also received her friends at a tea on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace are proving themselves most charming hosts since they have removed to No. 3 Grange avenue.

The Misses Howland of St. George street gave a delightful tea recently.

At Mrs. Aylesworth's tea I admired little Miss Barwick in her pretty white silk frock.

Baron and Baroness Von Turckheim passed through Toronto on their way east last week. After a month's honeymoon they will sail for England, where they will reside for the future. Both the Baron and Baroness are connus in Toronto society.

Mrs. Irving Walker and family sailed last Wednesday from New York to Liverpool per one of the fine Inman line steamers. They will be away about six months, and intend making an extensive tour through Great Britain and Ireland.

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the season was the occasion of the social gathering of the members of the Harmony Club, who participated in the recent performance of the Bazaar Student, at a dance at the club rooms on Wednesday evening, February 24. The large hall was tastefully decorated with flags, etc., whilst the adjoining room was beautifully furnished as a reception room. Webb supplied refreshments during the evening. An orchestra discoursed perfect music, many of the selections being from the Bazaar Student. The dancing of the Mazurka from the opera was the feature of the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. A. G. Foy, Mrs. George Dunstan. Committee—Messrs. Harry Hay, J. H. Coburn, George Kerr, J. F. Edgar and W. M. Fahey, Secretary. The

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

Horticultural Pavilion, Monday, April 11

Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons have the honor to announce  
**ONE GRAND CONCERT**  
By the World-renowned Prima Donna

**ALBANI**

And the Distinguished Russian Piano Virtuoso

**VLADIMIR DE PACHMAN**

Tickets, popular prices, \$1, \$2, \$3. First row gallery, 50 cts. Subscriptions list open at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Warerooms, Yonge Street, Saturday, 5th March, at 10 o'clock.

CHICKERING PIANO USED.

## THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL

OF MODERN LANGUAGES

## Lecture in French

BY Prof. GEO. COUTELLIER

Thursday, March 10, at 8 p.m.

Y. M. C. A. (Cor. Yonge and McGill)

SUBJECT—Comparison entre l'éducation des hommes et des femmes en France et en Amérique.

Admission 25 Cents  
Tickets can be secured at Northumberland, at Y. M. C. A. and at the School (Canada Life Building).

## ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ORATORY

SUMMER SESSION (July 5 to Aug. 15) at GRIMSBY PARK. Recreation combined with the culture of man's highest faculties. System based on the "TRINITY IN MAN." For full information address SECRETARY MOUNTAIN, College of Oratory, Toronto.

## Central Ontario School of Art and Design

Next Term Commences Monday, Feb. 29  
Modelling and Designing Classes now open. Examinations April 22, 23 and 24. For information apply to GEO. C. DOWNS, 173 King Street West.

**TRY VAPOUR BATHS** for their Luxury and for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Grippes, Gout, Blood Diseases, Paralysis, Kidney Complaints, Pains, Colds, etc. Oil baths, invaluable for Loss of Flesh and Debilitated Conditions. Electricity, Face and General Massage by experienced assistants. Bath Parlors, 224 Harbour Street.

## Gourlay, Winter &amp; Leeming

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Invite a personal inspection or correspondence with intending Piano or Organ purchasers. Our stock is the Best Assorted and Most Carefully Selected of any in the Dominion, and prices are reasonable.

## Knabe

Pianos are the highest exemplification of the art of piano building. The choice of the world's greatest pianists.

## Hardman

Pianos are elegant in design, faultless in tone and mechanism, and possess a refined purity that charms the vocalist.

## Fischer

The most popular piano in the United States. Absolutely reliable and durable. Rich, sonorous tone. 90,000 in use.

## Karn

A Piano rich in tone and reliable in every detail of construction. In advance of its competitors in the use of most recent improvements.

## Gerhard Heintzman

The Canadian Art Piano, the choice of the profession. Its name a guarantee of highest excellence.

## Weber

Our stock of this Piano has been purchased from a dealer who has given up the agency, and will be closed out to those desiring them at advantageous prices.

## Sohmer

Pianos of this make bought at a reduction from dealer who has given up the agency. Bargains in prices to purchasers.

We are also offering a number of used pianos by STEINWAY, CHICKERING, WEBER, MASON & RISCH, HEINTZMAN & CO., &c., at prices ranging from \$75 upwards, all of which have been repaired and are in good order.

Warerooms open Saturday evening until 10 p.m.

**GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING**  
188 YONGE STREET

## MILLINERY :

Just received, a fine selection of French, English and American Pattern Bonnets and Hats. The latest novelties in Veiling, Laces, Ribbons, Flowers and Feathers. Dressmaking a specialty.

MISS PAYNTER, 3 King St. East

First Flat.

## Canadian Domestic Employment Agency

283 Yonge Street  
Situations out of the city promptly attended to. Ladies' work emporium in connection. Orders taken for Preserves, Condiments, Pickles, etc. References: Lady Macpherson, Chestnut Park; Mrs. Boddy, St. Peter's Rectory, Winchester St.; Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahoney, London, England, Agency, 334 Strand.

## SEE OUR

## SINGLE BEDROOM SUITS

SLOAN &amp; SON'S, 97 King Street East

## PARK LIVERY—173 and 175 McCaul St.

Victorias, Coupes, &c., Fine Horses and Carriages  
With careful Drivers in Livery.

TELEPHONE 753  
W. J. MUNSHAW, Prop.

## J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER  
247 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 579.

## LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the  
World's Great Exhibitions

**JOHN LABATT**

London, Ont.

JAS. GOOD &amp; CO., Agents, Toronto



## WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.  
Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

## HEINTZMAN &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

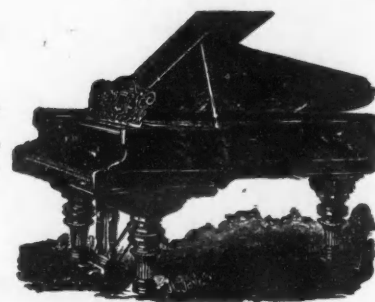
## PIANOFORTES

GRAND

SQUARE

UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

The  
Greatest Sale  
OF  
Fine Underwear  
FOR  
Ladies and Children  
on Record

We have purchased the entire stock in the big Adelaide Street Factory from Messrs. Page & Page at 60c. on the dollar, and we are now selling every garment at less than manufacturers' prices. Ladies requiring excellent goods, made from the finest materials and finished as no other Canadian make in the market to-day, have now an opportunity that will never occur again, as P. & P. are retiring from the manufacturing business. We cordially invite all the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to visit our Underwear Department at once and secure some of these choice goods.

**McKENDRY & CO.**  
202 Yonge Street  
6 Doors North of Queen

"Man wants but little here below  
And wants that little good."

GET this "Good" from the choice and elegant importations recently received by

**H. A. TAYLOR**

No. 1 Rossin House Block,

TORONTO

TAILOR'S ART:

"Straight lines for duty  
Curve lines for beauty."



WE are now offering an unusual large stock of Sleighs at very low prices, selected from Gladstones, Solid Comforts, Russians, Baileys, Portlands, Piano Boxes, Careols and other styles.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.,  
100 and 102 Bay St.

**GAS ELECTRIC  
& COMBINATION  
FIXTURES**  
BENNETT & WRIGHT  
72 QUEEN ST. EAST  
TORONTO.

## BY CHARLES M. HENDERSON &amp; CO.

219 and 221 Yonge St., cor. of Shuter St.

WE SHALL HOLD A

## Special Unreserved Auction Sale

OF

## Elegant and Costly Household Furniture

Piano, Carpets, Crystal, Gasaliers, B. W. and Oak Bedroom Sets, Wardrobes, English Plate Mirrors, Ranges, &c.

ON

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9

AT OUR WAREROOMS

No. 219 and 221 Yonge Street

Parties furnishing would do well to attend this great unreserved sale.

Sale precisely at 11 o'clock.

CHARLES M. HENDERSON &amp; CO., Auctioneers.

## SECOND PROVINCIAL

## SPRING STALLION SHOW

TO BE HELD IN THE

DRILL SHED, TORONTO, ONT.

March 9 and 10, 1892

Large premiums for Thoroughbreds, Coach or Carriage, Standardbred Roadsters, Hackneys, Suffolk Punch, Shire and Clydesdale entire horses. Entries to be made by 3rd of March. Reduced rates can be obtained by procuring Standard Certificates at the point of starting, signed by ticket agent.

N. AWREY, M.P.P., Vice-President.

HENRY WADE, Secretary, Toronto.

## A TEN WEEKS' TRIP TO EUROPE

Leaving in the end of June. Apply for prospectus to  
MISS HILL, 148 Carlton Street.



"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE EARLY WORM"

## Ladies' Coats and Spanish Capes

We have opened out an early shipment of the most  
Fashionable Garments

FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE UNIQUE DESIGNS

(Every one Different)

Exquisite Colors

Elaborate Embroidery

Becoming Styles

Charming Effects

No such collection of Beautiful Mantles has ever been  
brought together in this city before

WE INVITE INSPECTION

### R. WALKER & SONS

#### Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Beddoe, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Paterson, the Misses Lash, M. Lash, Lowndes, Bostwick, Maule, L. B. Maule, Walker, Newbigging, Heward, T. Heward, Lea, Horotky, Canniff, Pilsworth, Cassels, E. Cassels, Mason, B. Mason, B. Palmer, L. Harper, Matthews, McGillivray, L. Gaylord, Beach, Powell, S. Seymour, Kleiser, Nicholson, Messrs. W. H. Nelles, H. Hay, T. Chisholm, Rudge, Reid, H. Holcroft, W. H. Cawthra, W. M. Fahey, H. Minty, Bickford, Ritchie, McLean, Mathieson, J. L. Buchan, Gray, Sweeny, Hulme, Canniff, H. Jones, G. Ridout, H. S. Chayter, D. S. Cassels, J. F. Edgar, Cherry, Geo. Kerr, G. Wilson, J. Saunders, C. Muir, Nelles, H. Lea, Stovel, P. Hodgins, E. C. Rutherford, M. Jones, W. F. F. Rochester of New York.

Among the pretty gowns at the Bachelors' Ball I noticed Miss Todd in green and pink; Miss Seymour, white chiffon; Miss M. Seymour, in blue; Miss Walker, yellow crepe; Miss Ethel Rich of St. Thomas, cream bengaline, velvet brocade petticoat; Miss Parsons of Grange avenue, black lace and jet over pale blue; Miss M. Parsons, pink; Mrs. A. Nordheimer, corn color silk and net; Mrs. Fred MacQueen, pale green silk; Miss Strange, cream satin and crimson roses; Miss Tena Hughes, cream satin and net; Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, yellow bengaline and embroidered chiffon; Miss Percy Green, light green silk, pearl beads; Miss Todd, lilac; Miss McCrae, yellow bengaline; Miss Francis, gray and pink.

A beautiful audience crowded the opera house at each of Keene's performances last week. It was a treat both on and off the stage, to be in the Grand on those occasions. Every seat was taken this week for the Thursday debut of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and a brilliant house was the result. Toronto audiences are improving every season in their appearance, though they can't be praised for punctuality.

Miss Emma MacKenzie gave a dance at 434 Jarvis street on Tuesday last.

When I went to the Railroad Conductors' Ball last week I hesitated at the entrance, doubting whether if I got in I should ever get out. The jolly knights of the punch and lantern must certainly make up their minds to the Pavilion for next year, for their friends are far too many for Webb's. Never did a more light-hearted and light-footed crowd assemble under any roof, and the effect of the brilliant toilettes, so closely packed together, was exactly like a kaleidoscope as I watched them from the stair. Conductors are proverbially endowed with more than the usual amount of *savoir faire*, their business throws them constantly into the role of *cavalier des dames*, which may have accounted for their specially gallant bearing, but they utterly lacked the *blase* indifference which is the hall-mark of the "society" young man of today. They talked, they laughed, they danced, they were happy, and the Conductors' ball was a pleasant sight to see.

M. Coutellier gives a most amusing lecture next Tuesday evening, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

#### The Foresters' Annual Concert.

The Foresters' sixth annual concert on March 10th, promises to be an enjoyable event, a very capable array of talent having been secured, comprising Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mrs. MacKeehan, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Warrington and Mr. James Fax, with Mr. H. M. Blight as accompanist. Numbered checks will be issued on Monday next at Nordheimer's at 7 a.m.

#### The Ontario College of Oratory.

An institution of much interest to intellectual Torontonians is the Ontario College of Oratory, which is situated in Yonge street Arcade, corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets. The winter session is now on, and the summer session which lasts from July 5 to August 15, is held at Grimsby Park. Under the direction of Secretary Montreux, recreation is combined with the culture of man's highest faculties. An interesting series of weekly lectures is among the College's attractions.

The first lithographed song folio ever put on the Canadian market, the "Elys", has just been issued by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co.

#### DENTISTRY.

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL**  
**DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER**  
DENTIST

249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College  
Telephone 2847.

**DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon**  
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.  
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist**

335 College Street  
Telephone 3278.

#### BEWARE

#### of the MICROBE

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE; and if life is to be preserved and prolonged, an imperative condition is that the blood be pure, rich and active. For all the ills to which flesh is heir there is but one cause, and that cause most undeniably is vitiated or impure blood. Where, therefore, the life-giving current is weak and sluggish, there will be found an enfeebled constitution, the result of germs insidiously impregnating the system with disease. These germs or microbes feed upon the blood and tissues; and when the poison of their actions set in, the end is not far off. Few there are who fully comprehend the danger which lurk in the vicinity of those almost imperceptible particles which find lodgement in the human organization; and it is only when their destructive inroads become apparent that the sufferer realizes peril, and casts about for relief. All the known remedies are employed and medical science is called in—and yet a cure is seldom or never effected. The microbe or blood foe seems to be untouched by the most elaborate prescriptions; and the only effectual check to its growth and mischief, of which account is taken, is that devised by Mr. Radam, whose name has leaped into prominence within the last few years, and whose remedy challenges the skeptical to a test. His Microbe Killer is of comparatively recent discovery; but short as has been its record the proofs are many that the discovery has not been made in vain, but that it is a priceless boon to suffering humanity. You who are laboring under physical ailment may not be cured by Radam's Microbe Killer; but you cannot tell till you try it.

Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co'y, Ltd.

MAIN OFFICE FOR CANADA:

120 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

GENERAL AGENCIES: Kittson & Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal  
Wm. Ellis, 98 Dundas Street, London, Ont.  
R. W. Stark, 620 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Mention this paper when writing.

THREE POZZONI'S POINTS

## POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

SAFE, CURATIVE, BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, 11 Brunette, 13 POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS.

#### MEDICAL.

**DR. MURRAY McFARLANE**

29 Carlton Street

Specialist Eye, Ear and Throat

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 4 to 7 p.m.  
Telephone No. 3555.

**ANDERSON & BATES**

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist

Telephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

**DR. PALMER**

40 College Street

Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

**DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street**

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician

Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uterine Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.

LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

#### MARRIAGE LICENSES.

**SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses**

801 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst St.

**GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses**

Court House, Adelaide Street and 146 Carlton Street

*Mothers*

Nestle's Milk Food for infants has, during 25 years, grown in favor with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now unquestionably not only the best substitute for mother's milk, but the food which agrees with the largest percentage of infants. It gives strength and stamina to resist the weakening effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of infants. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning the name, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food. Thos. Leeming & Co., Sole Agents, Montreal.

**Nestle's MILK FOOD**

#### MOTHERS

USE HOWARTH'S

**Carminative Mixture**

This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

**S. HOWARTH - Druggist**

243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Established 1849. Tel. phone 1359

#### BINGHAM'S

TASTELESS EMULSION

OF

**COD LIVER OIL**

Easily taken by invalids and children, and readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.

Physicians who have examined a sample now on exhibition under the microscope at

Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

Pronounce it to be the finest extant.

Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.

\$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

TRIMMAYNE—Feb. 26, Mrs. Frank Trimmayne—a son.

RAEBURN—Feb. 24, Mrs. W. C. B. Raeburn—a son.

LANG—Feb. 24, Mrs. Alex. Lang—a son.

BOULTER—Feb. 23, Mrs. John Boulter—a daughter.

COLE—Feb. 24, Mrs. Thomas Cole—a daughter.

MOORE—Feb. 26, Mrs. George Moore—a daughter.

BAKER—Feb. 24, Mrs. George Baker—a son.

HUGHES—Feb. 26, Mrs. A. Hughes—a son.

MASON—Feb. 25, Mrs. James Mason—a son.

WEBB—Feb. 26—Mrs. William Webb—a daughter.

Deaths.

MACINTYRE—STEVENS—At "Sunset," Guelph, the residence of Dr. Foster (brother-in-law of the bride), by Rev. J. O. Smith, R.D., pastor of St. Andrew's church, assisted by Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A. (brother of the bride), Thomas J. Macintyre of Toronto, to Carrie A. daughter of W. Stevenson of "Maplebank," ex-Mayor of the city.

BLACKBURN—EAST—Feb. 24, at Holy Trinity church, by Rev. John Pearson (rector), Alfred Blackburn to Lillie East, both of Toronto.

PROWSE—BROADLEY—Feb. 24, Horace E. Prowse to Annie Broadley.

DAVIS—WEBB—Feb. 24, Joseph W. Davis to Emma Myers.

HILL—HANNAH—Feb. 24, Archibald Hill to Nonie Hannah.

BLACKBURN—EAST—Feb. 24, Alfred Blackburn to Lillie East.

MULLIN—MULLIN—Feb. 17, James Mullin to Agnes Mullin.

DUNDAS—SELBY—Feb. 24, Arthur Dundas to Alberta Selby.

ANDROS—BEWETT—Feb. 22, Ralph Andros to Frances Bewett.

JOHNSTONE—MURPHY—On March 1, William Johnstone to Mary Murphy, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

WILLIAMS—Feb. 28, Mollie Williams, aged 69.

CRAIG—Feb. 28, D. N. Craig, aged 35.

DREWRY—Feb. 29, John B. Drewry, aged 58.

HUNTER—Feb. 24, Jean Hunter, aged 64.

NICOL—Feb. 29, Maria Nicol.

CASSELL—Feb. 25, Walter C. Cassell.

HAMNER—Feb. 28, Ida B. Hamner, aged 13.

WASS—Feb. 22, Wm. Wass, aged 74.

McKENZIE—Feb. 23, James McKenzie, aged 85.

ATKINSON—Feb. 22, Susan E. Atkinson, aged 4.

BEGGS—Feb. 21, Catherine Beggs, aged 82.

GRIGG—Feb. 25, Henry G. Grigg, aged 88.

JOHNSON—Feb. 29, Martha Johnson.

LAUGHTON—Feb. 27, Annie Laughton.

McDONALD—Feb. 26, William McDonald.

NIXON—Feb. 27, Amy N. Nixon, aged 26.

ROBB—Feb. 28, Anna Robb.

CUMMINGS—Feb. 27, Margaret Louise Cummings.

ELLIS—Feb. 23, Alfred Ellis, aged 5.

GRAY—Feb. 22, G. H. Gray, aged 85.

McCONNELL—Feb. 14, Hughanna McConnell, aged 52.

McCALLUM—Feb. 14, John McCallum, aged 84.

McCALLUM—Feb. 16, Mary McCallum, aged 85.

CAMPBELL—Feb. 20, Margaret Campbell, aged 61.

CLIFFORD—Feb. 12, Ellison Clifford, aged 64.



**MASON & RISCH**

ARE THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE CULTURED.

32 King Street West - - - Toronto



Telephone to 1127

and have your laundry go to the

"PARISIAN"

Head Office and Works—67, 69 and 71 Adelaide Street West.  
N. B.—Our drivers wear uniform cap with initials P. S. L.

#### BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley

COAL

FROM THE

**ONTARIO COAL CO.**

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'v.

SNIDER—Feb. 24, Fred Snider, aged 22.  
PHIPPS—Feb. 25, George Phipps, aged 69.  
RUSSELL—Feb. 20, W. F. Russell, aged 6.  
McQUAY—Feb. 10, Eliza McQuay.  
CROMBIE—Feb. 25, Margaret Crombie, aged 56.  
KING—Feb. 24, Bridget King.  
CALDECOTT—Feb. 24, Elizabeth Caldecott, aged 81.  
JOHNSTON—Feb. 26, A. M. Johnston, aged 56.

#### THIS MONTH

As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of December offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

#### LIMOGES

WHITE FRENCH CHINA

FOR DECORATING.

A. D. Coffee Cups and Saucers  
Bread and Butter Plates  
Salad Sets

Ice Cream Sets  
Fish Services  
Vases, Flower Pots, &c.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

**WILLIAM JUNOR**

TELEPHONE 3117

109 King Street West, Toronto

**J. A. GORMALLY**

737 QUEEN ST. WEST

**J. & J. LUGSDIN**

(THE LEADING)

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

**J. & J. L. O'MALLEY**

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

160 Queen St. West.

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Hygienic Steam Carpet Cleaning Machine

Those requiring carpets cleaned better than they have ever had them done before, would do well to remember us. By our system every particle of dust is removed, and the carpet is made to look equal to a new one. We also keep a large staff of carpet-layers, and guarantee work in every particular. Remember the address:

160 QUEEN STREET WEST

TELEPHONE 1057

**Diamond Rings and Jewelry**

See our stock of all the latest novelties suitable for Christmas Presents

**GEO. E. TROBEY**

Manufacturing Jeweler  
61 King St. E., opp. Toronto St.

Out this out and we will accept it as One Dollar Cash on a purchase of \$50 or over. Only one accepted on each purchase.

**PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.**

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES  
DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY  
A. H. HOWARD & CO.  
53 KING ST. EAST  
TORONTO

#### H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

(Around the corner from Yonge St.)

OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

**TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.**

44 Lombard Street

Carpets taken up, cleaned, made, laid or stored. Mattresses made over, feathers renovated, furniture repaired.

TELEPHONE 2686

**PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.**

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES  
DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY  
A. H. HOWARD & CO.  
53 KING ST. EAST  
TORONTO